

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 9.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1903.

One Penny.

## Appointments:

125  
The Empress of Russia.  
The Queen of Romania.  
The Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia.  
The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.  
The Princess Victoria of Wales.  
The Princess Charlotte of Denmark.  
The Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont.  
The Princess Claretta.  
The Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll).  
The Queen's Princess of Romania.  
The Duchess of Albany.  
The Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg.  
The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia.  
The Princess Henry of Prussia.  
The Princess Lily of France.  
The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg.  
The Grand Duchess of Baden.  
The Princess Louise of Prussia.  
The Princess Louise of Prussia.  
The Princess Louise of Prussia.

Memo. from

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Complete Ladies' Outfitters and Manufacturers  
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Outfitting and Corsets, Blouses, Hosiery and  
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Makers of the  
"ROYAL CRESCENT" VEIL (Patent).  
"LEWIS PETTICOAT" (Patent).

November 6th, 1903.

To the Advertisement Manager,

"THE DAILY MIRROR."

Dear Sir,

I think you would be pleased to know that I have had immense success from my advertisement in "The Daily Mirror," which lasted several days. I have had twenty-one orders to-day even. Of course, I consider I am advertising a good patent article which draws, but I shall advertise other departments from time to time.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

*Charles L. Lee*

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR—

## "Short Skirts or Long Skirts?"

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And as purchased by  
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H.I.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.  
H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, ETC., ETC.

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# The Pianola



A PIANOLA EVENING.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.

THE  
PIANOLA  
IN  
THE  
HOME.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.



PLAYING ACCOMPANIMENT WITH THE PIANOLA.

There is but one instrument that realises all a "piano player" ought to be—an instrument enabling anyone to play the piano, and providing every facility for playing with expression. That instrument is the Pianola.

I. J. PADEREWSKI says: "It is perfection."

The Pianola places the ability to play even the most complicated compositions at the command of all. Its repertoire embraces all kinds of music. Over 10,000 different rolls have already been prepared, and more are added every month.

ERNST VON DOHNANYI says: "From the immense literature prepared the Pianola is destined to answer a need in rendering piano literature accessible to those to whom music has heretofore been, for technical reasons, a sealed book."

The Pianola knows no difficulties in technique, and accordingly, when playing by its aid, one's sole aim is to impart expression, to strike the vital spark in music.

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN says: "I have heard many piano-playing attachments, but the Pianola is the only one which can be considered really musical. None but a great artiste could play with such delicacy or power."

Three little levers control the 65 fingers of the Pianola, and through them the keyboard of the piano. These levers are manipulated by the performer, and form the connecting link between his mind and the piano keys.

This intervening mechanism, so far from impairing in any way one's control over expression, really simplifies the matter, for this reason, that it is much easier to use three levers than control the keyboard direct. Pianola playing is real playing.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL says: "Nothing has more closely approached hand-playing."

No one who does not possess a Pianola can estimate its value. As an adjunct to the piano it is equivalent to having a great virtuoso in one's home—a virtuoso whose repertoire is not confined to forty or fifty compositions, but is limited only by the number of rolls in our constantly increasing Catalogue.

You can make yourself and every member of your family an accomplished musician by means of the Pianola. It costs £65 on the instalment system, and £53 net cash.

JOSEPH SLIVINSKI, says: "The Pianola is undoubtedly the greatest piano player in the world."

We should very much like you to see the Pianola in use whether or not you intend to purchase. We are only too pleased to give anyone who calls an idea of the possibilities of the instrument. An Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue will be sent to anyone who writes for Catalogue B.

THE ORCHESTRELLE CO., AEOLIAN HALL, 135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



# TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Westerly breezes; fair, and rather mild; cloudy at times, with a slight drizzle.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.17.  
SEA PASSAGES.  
English Channel, smooth to moderate; North Sea, moderate; Irish Channel, rather rough to moderate.

# The Daily Mirror.

Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1903.

315th Day of Year.

50 days to Dec. 31.

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1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ...	15 22 29	6 13
Mon. ...	16 23 30	7 14
Tues. ...	17 24	1 8 15
Wed. ...	18 25	2 9 16
Thurs. ...	19 26	3 10 17
Fri. ...	20 27	4 11 18
Sat. ...	21 28	5 12 19

## TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

### The New Duchess.

The marriage of Miss MAY GOELET to the DUKE OF ROXBURGHE, which took place yesterday at New York, adds another to the already large number of American women who adorn the British Peerage. The high rank of the bridegroom, the age and dignity of his title, and the beauty and wealth of the bride combine in making the occasion notable and in adding circumstances of brilliancy and even sensationalism to the wedding.

And what in the world, it may be asked, is there more than that for sensible people who are not related to the bride or bridegroom to concern themselves with? Having recorded the fact, what more is there to be said about it? Are we to lose our heads because a not over-wealthy English Duke marries an extremely rich young American lady? Certainly not; but the incident, not less than the circumstances under which it took place, attracts a certain amount of attention; and it is just as well for us to consider the causes of this notoriety, what it signifies, what it encourages.

In the first place we cannot bring ourselves to admire that fashion which ordains that when a rich young American woman is married to an Englishman of rank the occasion shall be turned into an opportunity for display which is in its essence vulgar. If there is any object at all in the marriage service, that object is surely to invest the contract with solemnity, and to impress those who are entering upon it with the importance and seriousness of their act. But in ceremonies like those of yesterday the religious element dwindles to a point of very small importance, and is simply made the groundwork for an immense superstructure of extravagance, waste, and display. The fact that the ceremony was twice rehearsed before it was actually performed in public is evidence of the way in which it is regarded; it is less a sacrament than an entertainment. Surely there is in this something both irreverent and vulgar, and surely so much of display gives unkind people an opening to suggest that it is in its essence something like the barbarous advertisement of a great achievement—of a great prize successfully carried off from among many competitors.

That is the unpleasant side of these international marriages. There is, however, a pleasant side, and one upon which it is quite proper that public comment should be made. They have a real value in strengthening that invisible cement of private friendship which can do so much to unite two great peoples who are of the same race. We hear much nowadays about *ententes cordiales*; but the truest cordial feeling between countries is not brought about by sovereigns or diplomats (although they can do much) but by the private interests and friendships of the people. These promote understanding, and make quarrelling inconvenient and undesired. And every tie thus thrown across the Atlantic unites not two families alone, but involves other families, other friends, other interests by the dozen. It is such bonds that help toward the delimitation of purely geographical frontiers and encourage the trust of all Empires, the Empire of race and of civilisation.

Therefore it is that in offering our congratulations to the DUKE and DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE we feel that we can with reason congratulate England and America also.

## Court



## Circular.

Sandringham, Nov. 10.

Their Majesties the King and Queen have received the gratifying intelligence of the betrothal of Her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Albany, their Majesties' niece, to His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck.

Their impending marriage has the King's entire sanction and approval.

Lieut.-Colonel C. Frederick has left Sandringham.

The King has approved the appointment of Mr. Francis Edmund Hugh Elliot, his Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Sofia, to be his Majesty's Minister at Athens in succession to Sir Edwin Egerton, who has been promoted to be British Ambassador at Madrid.

The Victoria and Albert, his Majesty's yacht, Commodore Sir A. Berkeley Milne, accompanied by the Cruiser Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir W. H. Fawkes, will leave Portsmouth on Sunday for Cherbourg to embark the King and Queen of Italy. The Victoria and Albert will on the return journey be escorted by the English Cruiser Squadron and a French squadron, and will be met in the Channel by a destroyer flotilla. The Home Fleet will be assembled at Spithead to welcome the yacht and her escort. According to present arrangements, the Victoria and Albert will arrive at Portsmouth Dockyard shortly before eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning.

## All To-Day's News at a Glance.

### HOME.

On condition that she is built and manned by Irishmen, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, according to the New York "Sun," will build a challenger for the America Cup.

The Liverpool Cathedral Committee have decided to proceed first with the erection of the main fabric of the building, which will cost £1,240,000. It will ultimately be the most extensive British cathedral.

It was decided at last night's executive meeting of the Cabmen's Union to again invite the proprietors to meet the men's representatives in conference on the question of hire charges.

Two ladies fill respectively the offices of churchwarden and organist at Dunkerton, near Bath.

Single working-men are the most extravagant class in the country, declares Judge Emden.

### COLONIAL.

Anthony Stanley Rowe's application for his release from custody, so as to obviate extradition, in connection with the Great Fingall frauds, was refused yesterday at Toronto.

Eight men of the Hampshire Regiment and one Sepoy have been killed in an engagement with the Kutebi tribe in the Aden hinterland.

Malarial fever causes over 13,000 deaths daily in India, Major Ronald Ross stated last night in a lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute.

Major-General Baden-Powell will be presented with a casket and escriptoire from the citizens of Auckland, N.Z., at the dinner of the Anglo-Saxon Club on Friday next.

### FOREIGN.

The Japanese Premier yesterday declared that the situation in regard to Russia and Manchuria was most critical.

Offers to insure the life of King Peter of Serbia have been made by ten German and

Austrian companies. One company asked for a premium of £4,000 on a policy of £40,000.

President Roosevelt's message to Congress is brief, and deals exclusively with the relations of the United States and Cuba.

In honour of Pope Pius X., its new honorary member, the famous old Academy of Arcadians at Rome will give a great fête this week. A new song entitled "The Pope's Gondola," written and composed by two Monsignori, will be sung.

For the first time a lady doctor has been called upon to give expert medical testimony in a Berlin Court.

### SOCIAL.

Our announcement yesterday of the betrothal of Princess Alice of Albany to Prince Alexander of Teck is now made officially.

Miss May Goelet, whose marriage with the Duke of Roxburghe was solemnised yesterday in New York, is one of the richest heiresses in America. Her fortune is estimated at over two millions sterling.

The Kaiser has so far recovered from the effects of his recent operation that he was able to take a walk in the open air yesterday with the Empress.

The official programme of the engagements of the King and Queen of Italy during their week's stay in England is issued this morning.

The vicarage of Great Yarmouth, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. the Earl of Chichester, has been conferred on the Rev. John Wakefield Willint, vicar of St. Helens, Lancashire.

### POLITICAL.

The Cabinet Council which Mr. Balfour has summoned will meet, it is believed, on Friday.

Great satisfaction has been expressed in Paris with Mr. Balfour's references in his Guildhall speech to the recently effected rapprochement between England and France.

## To-Day's Arrangements.

### Social Functions.

Princess Christian opens a sale of work at the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, in aid of the Westminster Refuge and Special Mission Fund and St. Helena Hospital Home, 12.

Under the patronage of the King, the Grey Friars Amateur Dramatic Society give a performance of "His Excellency the Governor" at the Great Queen-street Theatre in aid of Princess Christian's Crèche at Windsor, 8.16 (four days).

The Dowager Lady Conyngham opens the annual sale of work and Christmas presents at the Church House, Westminster, 12.

### To-day's Weddings.

Mr. Hugh Daeres, younger son of the late Mr. Herbert Carroll, of the Admiralty, and Miss Bertie Knollys, only daughter of Mr. William Knollys, of 37, Elm Park-gardens, at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, 2.

Mr. Frank Maitland, eldest son of Mr. Frank May, of 21, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, and Houndwood, Radlett, and Sybil Harris, elder daughter of Mr. Frederick Harris Miles, of 12, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park.

### MUSIC.

Fr. Maja Kjoehler and Fr. Davenport's vocal and pianoforte recital, Bechstein Hall, 3.

Miss Irene Penco's orchestral concert, St. James's Hall, 8.

### Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.  
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.  
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.  
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.  
Duke of York's, "Lety," 8.  
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.  
Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 8.  
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 8.  
His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.  
Imperial, "Monsieur Beauchêne," 8.30.  
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 2 and 8.  
New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.  
Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15.  
Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.  
Royalty, "Kaltwasser," 8.15.  
Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.  
St. James's, "The Cardinal," 2.30 and 8.30.  
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.  
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.  
Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 2.30 and 8.30.  
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

\* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

## THE DUCAL WEDDING.

### AMERICAN HEIRESS BECOMES DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

### SCENES OF QUIET MAGNIFICENCE IN NEW YORK.

### ENORMOUS CROWDS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

Yesterday there was added one more to the already long and brilliant list of Anglo-American society marriages, when Miss May Goelet, heiress to ten million dollars, was wedded to the Duke of Roxburghe, bearer of ten titles. The ceremony took place at St. Thomas's Church, in New York, at half-past two o'clock, New York time.

### OUR SPECIAL CABLE.

New York, Tuesday Night.

To-day, cables our Special Correspondent, was a typical wedding day, for though a slight mist was present in the early morning, later on the city was bathed in brilliant sunshine, and the air was crisp, clear, and bracing.

Quite early Fifth Avenue was choked with throngs anxious to catch a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom, and as this was the second ducal wedding in the history of St. Thomas's it was only natural that comparison should be instituted with the previous one—that between Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough. There was a marked difference between the two, for while the Vanderbilt wedding was the most magnificent ever celebrated in America, to-day's ceremony was designedly keyed to a lower note on account of the recent death of the bride's uncle, Sir Michael Herbert. But though the gorgeous magnificence and splendour of the Vanderbilt marriage was held to have borne off the palm, to-day's ceremony outvied it in grace and perfection of beauty. It was a flawless gem in a quiet setting, a miracle of exquisiteness, a perfection of taste.

### Five Hundred Guests.

New York's and Washington's most exclusive society was alone represented, in addition to those English guests who had crossed the Atlantic to be present. It had originally been intended to limit the number of guests at the church to 250, but owing to requests from the Washington "set," Mrs. Goelet increased the number to 500. These filled the centre aisles, and the remainder of the church was devoted to decorations. The prevailing colours were white and green. The middle of the building being built in with living walls of lovely bloom and foliage. Palms and primroses, chrysanthemums and orchids, were grouped, festooned, and scattered with the dearest skill and the most perfect taste. Streamers of ferns hung from the galleries, and great beds of primroses were in front of the chancel.

A strong cordon of police kept the throng from the entrance to the church, and also lined the whole of Fifth-avenue to ensure the easy passage of the carriages. Several times the crowd broke the cordon, pushed quite close to the bride's carriage, and almost clambered on it, but no contretemps occurred.

Upon the arrival of the bride at the church fifty choristers walked in procession up the main aisle to the chancel. Then followed the bride, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Robert Goelet; the eight bridesmaids followed, Miss Beatrice Mills, Lady Isabel Innesker (the bridegroom's sister), Miss Martha Johnston, Miss Alice Babcock, Miss Marian Haven, Miss Thérèse Iselin, Miss Nina Thayer, and Miss P. Whittier.

### Who Were Present.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Misses Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Sir Percy Sanderson, Mr. William C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Baron and Baroness Selliére, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Marquis Talleyrand Perigord, Mr. and Mrs. Drexel, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. William Rockefeller, Misses Helen and Alice Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney, Miss Louise Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mr. August Belmont.

The bridesmaids wore Louis Seize gowns of pink mousseline de soie, and carried muffs of pink velvet trimmed with sable; they also wore toques of pink velvet edged with sable.

In the meantime the ushers had proceeded up the side aisles to the chancel. They were Mr. Hugo Baring, Mr. Harold Brassey, Mr.

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Rogers Winthrop, Mr. Henry Bull, and Mr. William Woodward.

At the steps of the chancel the bride and bridegroom met, the latter being accompanied by his best man, Captain Reginald Ward. Both looked self-possessed, showing no signs of nervousness. The bride did not carry her bouquet of English hawthorn in her hand as intended, but held instead a white ivory prayer-book.

Her gown of white satin was trimmed with old English point lace and festoons of orange blossoms; her long court train of point lace extended from the shoulders, and her veil of tulle was held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms. She had a nosegay of pink orchids, lilies of the valley, gardenias, and Scotch heather on her corsage.

The Duke's mother wore plum-coloured velvet, and Mrs. Golet, the bride's mother, was dressed in eau de nil green panne velvet.

Dr. Ernest Stires, rector of St. Thomas's Church, performed the ceremony, and Bishop Doane, of Albany, pronounced the benediction.

After the Duke and his bride were pronounced husband and wife they proceeded to the vestry-room, where the marriage register was signed. The Duke signed first, next the bride, followed in order by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Mrs. Golet, Captain Reginald Ward, and, lastly, Robert Golet, who gave the bride away.

The wedding breakfast at Mrs. Golet's residence followed. The great feature of this ceremony was a mammoth bride's cake, in old English style, which the Duke, being a military man, was expected to cut with his sword. It had the Duke's monogram on it, and was decorated with mayflowers, Scotch heather, and orange blossoms.

The bride gave pieces to the bridal party and the ushers. There was more wedding cake, in beautiful satin-lined boxes, for the guests; the boxes had on them the ducal monogram.

The floral decorations of Mrs. Golet's home were as perfect as the church decorations. In the large hallway were garlands of American beauty roses, yellow spray orchids, and palms, while along the grand staircase were strings of beauty roses. The Duke and Duchess received the guests in the drawing-room under a canopy of asparagus tendrils, and sprays of orchids flanked by candelabra holding lighted wax tapers.

The bride's going-away gown was of grey cloth, embroidered in gold, the corsage of yellow lace with bretelles of grey cloth also embroidered with gold; the hat was of grey velvet.

The wedding presents were not shown at the reception, but they have been seen by all the relatives and close friends. The gifts were numerous and magnificent. The bride's mother gave many handsome jewels, including a tiara of pearls and diamonds purchased at the sale of the French crown jewels, and two superb bowknots of diamonds and a necklace of diamonds. The Duke's gifts included a ruby and diamond ring, and a pendant of diamonds and emeralds. The bride will also receive from him many of the Roxburghe jewels when they come home to Scotland. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe's gifts include a head ornament of diamonds, an emerald ring, and an old French fan set with jewels.

The Duke of Roxburghe and his bride will leave for the Golet residence at Newport to-night; they expect to sail for England in three weeks.

#### FREE CLOAK-ROOMS IN THEATRES.

Does the free use of a theatre cloak-room absolve the management from responsibility for articles left there during the performance? This question came up at Lambeth County-court yesterday, when a former proprietress of the "Horns" at Kennington sued Mr. Robert Arthur for £5 8s., the value of a coat stolen from the cloak-room of Kennington Theatre. No fees are charged at this theatre for the cloak-room, and therefore, argued counsel, Mr. Arthur was not responsible for the loss. The judge suggested that the cloak-room fee was included in the prices of the seats. The learned counsel then introduced the further complication that the lady's ticket was a complimentary one, but Mr. Scarlett, her counsel, replied that in acknowledgment of the complimentary ticket theatre bills were displayed in the "Horns."

Judgment was ultimately given for the ex-hotel proprietress, the judge holding that as the cloak-room was a benefit to the proprietor of the theatre, since women left their matinee hats there, he should have taken every reasonable care of the coat. There was nothing on the tickets as to the non-responsibility of the management.

#### ROBBERY FROM LADY JANE WILSON'S.

On the night when Lady Jane Wilson left her house in Grosvenor-square last August for an Australian tour three valuable vases and a jug were stolen. Yesterday at Clerkenwell Sessions a waiter named Watson was sentenced to four years' penal servitude in connection with the theft. The prisoner, who was some years ago mixed up in a notorious case resulting in the conviction of a well-known dramatist, was described as a "Mayfair loafer."

## THE FAR EAST DANGER.

### JAPANESE PREMIER'S WARNING.

#### SITUATION "MOST CRITICAL."

Count Katsura, the Japanese Premier, declares that the situation between Russia and Japan is "most critical."

This important statement, according to Reuter, was made yesterday in response to a deputation from the Anti-Russian League, by which is probably meant an association of Japanese stalwarts who derive their chief inspiration from Prince Konoye, President of the House of Peers, and a determined opponent of Russian aggression. Count Katsura impressed on the deputation the necessity of complete unity and solidarity among the people in face of the existing state of affairs.

The mere fact of the Premier receiving a body holding such strong views as is indicated by the title of the league is itself almost as significant as the language used. Count Katsura is a general of distinction who took part in the China-Japan war. He assumed the Premiership on the resignation of Marquis Ito some three years ago.

In view of this news interest attaches to details which Reuter has received by mail of the important conference of British admirals near Singapore about the middle of last month. Sir Cyprian Bridge, Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, Admiral Fanshawe, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, and Vice-Admiral Wiles, Commander-in-Chief of the East Indies Station, conferred for several days, and it is understood that the most important questions of naval construction and strategy, in view of the present state of politics in the Far East, and possible future complications, have been discussed.

#### THE ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

Two letters which Signor Rosano, the Italian Minister of Finance, wrote before he committed suicide to escape from the Socialist campaign against his inclusion in the Ministry reached the Premier, Signor Giolitti, some hours after the discovery of the tragedy.

In one letter the afflicted Minister requested the Premier to present to the King his resignation. In the other, which was most pathetic, Signor Rosano said that he had had great courage but could hold out no longer. He declared that all the accusations against him were false. He died, he added, with the name of Giolitti in his heart, and expressed to the Premier his unbounded gratitude and affection, charging him to salute his colleagues, to kiss Signora Giolitti's hand, and to greet the whole of Signor Giolitti's family.

To-day the Premier, as an outcome of these sad events and their influence on the political situation, is to have an interview with the King at San Rossore. His Majesty has meanwhile telegraphed to the Premier an expression of confidence and sympathy.

#### £380,000 LOST IN VENEZUELA.

The British colony in Venezuela stand to lose £380,000, owing to the dilatory conduct of their commissioner, Mr. Harrison. On the opening of the Anglo-Venezuelan tribunal Mr. Harrison would not present claims for damages due to the insurrections, holding that such a course was opposed to international law.

Meanwhile, France, Germany, Spain and Sweden have presented similar claims, and these were recognised as valid by the umpires. Now, two months after the fair, Mr. Harrison has reconsidered his decision. He is just two months too late, as Venezuela, who had agreed to recognise such claims before Mr. Harrison's abstention, now refuses to meet them, and is supported in this course by the American umpires who have the case in hand.

#### AGAINST MR. SEDDON'S MEAT SHOPS.

The Committee in New Zealand which has been considering the scheme of Mr. Seddon for establishing Government shops in England for the sale of New Zealand meat, has issued a report which is very unfavourable to the scheme. One of their objections is that a fight, with a certain fall in values, would be brought about with Argentina, and other objections are that the present condition of the New Zealand trade in England is healthy; that New Zealand is nearing the limit of her output of meat, and must improve its quality; and that the time is not opportune to venture upon a system of trade rivalry.

#### "DEAD" LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.

Moscow's quartette of brilliant writers—Gorky, Chekhov, Andreiev, and Skitaletz—is in no danger of reinforcement at present. The annual prize of £100 offered by the Russian Imperial Academy of Arts for the year's best literary productions tempted only forty-two competitors, and of their productions thirty were absolutely refused, while of the remaining twelve not one was deemed worthy of the prize. Two poets were each given £50.

#### THE GERMANS AND THE HOTTENTOTS.

The Hottentot rebels in German South-west Africa have crossed into Cape Colony, where they have had a brush with a patrol of police. After firing a volley, and losing one of their number, they retreated across the border again.

The governor of the German colony telegraphs from Windhoek that 330 mounted men and four guns are proceeding to the scene of the revolt.

## OUR ITALIAN GUESTS.

### OFFICIAL PROGRAMME FOR THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

Their Majesties of Italy, who are spending next week with King Edward at Windsor, are assured of a sincere and hearty welcome from the British press and public. The Queen of Italy is so charming a personality that were she less than royal we would all be glad of her coming. The King, whose reception of our own monarch is fresh in the minds of the public, will be greeted no less for his own sake than for the hospitality and tokens of friendship lavished by his Capital during King Edward's visit.

The official programme for the entertainment of their Majesties has been approved by the King, and is as follows:—

**TUESDAY.**  
2.30 p.m. ... Arrival at Windsor.  
8.0 p.m. ... "Family" Banquet.  
**WEDNESDAY.**  
9.0 a.m. ... Pheasant Shooting in the Park.  
12.30 p.m. ... Reception of Deputations at Windsor.  
Afternoon ... Drive to Frogmore to deposit wreath on the tomb of Queen Victoria.  
8.0 p.m. ... State Banquet and Reception of Diplomatic Corps.  
**THURSDAY.**  
11.30 a.m. ... Reception of Italians at Italian Embassy in London.  
12.45 p.m. ... Start for the City.  
1.0 p.m. ... Luncheon at Guildhall.  
5.0 p.m. ... Return to Windsor.  
8.30 p.m. ... State Banquet, followed at 10 p.m. by Theatrical State Performance.

**FRIDAY.**  
Morning ... Shooting in the Park.  
Evening ... State Banquet, followed by a Concert.  
**SATURDAY.**  
Afternoon ... Departure of King and Queen of Italy from Windsor for Portsmouth.

The King and Queen of Italy, on their drive to the City on the 19th inst., will pass from the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor-square, through Oxford-street, Holborn, and Chancery. The return route will be via Queen Victoria-street, the Embankment, the Mall, Constitution Hill, Hyde Park, and London-street to Paddington.

#### "TRADE" CHIPPENDALE.

"The entire furniture and contents of a six-roomed villa for sale; present owner leaving for Johannesburg; cost 250gs.; 100gs. will be accepted to secure a quick sale."

Attracted by an advertisement similar to the choice specimen cited above, Mr. Von Zwerig, a guileless Anglo-Norwegian, recently naturalised, hied him to Messrs. Herbert and Co., in the Tottenham Court-road, there to purchase, among other bargains, a suite described as Chippendale.

Now this particular suite of Chippendale was no Chippendale, but a singularly ill-favoured imitation. Hence these tears.

Mr. Justice Darling, before whom the case was continued yesterday, was informed by the defendant's manager that Mr. Von Zwerig was the victim of an "ordinary trade advertisement." "An extraordinary trade advertisement," replied the learned Judge; "you forget, Sir, that some tradesmen are honest."

The jury, who read advertisements themselves, found for their new fellow-citizen, and awarded him damages to the tune of £50.

#### NURSERY RULES FOR OLD MEN.

A workhouse may be a comfortable hotel in some respects, but for a man used to fashionable hours the "early to bed and early to rise" system that prevails must be extremely irksome.

In a case before Mr. Plowden regarding a rebellious pauper of seventy, the workhouse attendant stated that if, after a "day off," an inmate returned before eight p.m. he was at once sent to bed, for "peace and quietness." "Like naughty children," suggested Mr. Plowden, "and if they refuse, what then?" The answer was that the argument of a constable was applied.

Mr. Plowden: It sounds to me like the most refined tyranny. If they all go to bed at eight, when do they go to sleep? I mean, are they not a little lively at first? It may be the regulation, but I am not surprised that people kick sometimes. (To the prisoner): Why didn't you go to bed? You have given mortal offence by not doing so. Go away.

#### EARL RUSSELL'S COTTAGE.

Messrs. Giddy and Giddy, the estate agents, yesterday gained judgment against Earl Russell for £140 and costs, commission on the sale of Amberley Cottage, Maidenhead. Lord Russell promised Messrs. Giddy double commission if they disposed of the property, and they had negotiations with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Atherton, wife of Colonel Atherton. The latter eventually bought the property through another firm of agents, on which ground Lord Russell denied unsuccessfully Messrs. Giddy's right to the commission.

#### FAMILY TRAIT OF THE KITCHENERS.

The gift of organisation is not confined to only one member of the family of which Lord Kitchener is the most illustrious representative. In acknowledgment of the "signal and invaluable services" rendered to the county of Staffordshire by Mr. Francis Elliot Kitchener, a cousin of his Lordship, in organising the county education scheme, the county council are presenting him with an illuminated address.

Lord Rothschild has sent ten pheasants for the patients of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

## LATEST FROM PARIS.

### THE WEDDING OF MDLLE. LUCIE FAURE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.  
The weather to-day has again been fine and dry and warm. Parisians are quite puzzled by this warm snap almost in the middle of November, and influenza, though hardly epidemic yet, is very prevalent, as a result of the sudden changes, from extreme cold to mildness, back to cold again, and back again to warmth.

#### Wedding of Mdlle. Faure.

Mademoiselle Lucie Faure, daughter of the late President, was married at ten o'clock this morning to M. Goyau, of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The church was beautifully decorated with white chrysanthemums, and there was a large attendance of well-known people, among them Madame Loubet and her daughter, Count and Countess Tornelli, and a number of the artistic and diplomatic celebrities of Paris.

#### The Ambassador's Emotion.

Diplomatic Paris talks to-day of nothing save the eloquent tribute paid to President Loubet by Sir Edmund Monson at the Embassy dinner last night on the occasion of the King's birthday dinner. The two are the closest personal friends, and in speaking of all that the President had done in the cause of peace and to improve the relations between England and France, the Ambassador's voice broke with emotion. The incident, I am told, made the profoundest impression on those who were present. Breaking with all former traditions, the British Ambassador was present at the dinner. Another lady was also there—Miss Lockett. The Ambassador wore white lace over white satin, and was taken in by Mr. Alan Herbert, a medical practitioner here and uncle of our Carnarvon. The table was prettily decorated with red carnations, violets, and russet autumn leaves, and the magnificent silver-gilt centre-pieces, of pure "Empire" design and of priceless value, were a great feature.

#### The Serious Emperor.

The Emperor of Sahara refuses absolutely to be laughed at, and takes himself with a seriousness that is beginning to inspire respect even upon the Boulevards. In answer to the summons issued against him for the payment of a heavy indemnity to the sailors who were captured by the Moors, "his Majesty" writes proposing that the matter be submitted to the arbitration of "a neutral Power," such as Great Britain, Belgium, Switzerland, or Holland. "The suit," he writes, "is not between my soldiers and myself, but between the powerful French Republic and the young and feeble Empire of Sahara, and neither the French nor the Saharan law-courts can possibly try the case with the necessary impartiality."

#### A Century of Balloon Ascents.

Count de la Vaul tells me that he intends to make another ascent in his 1,600 cubic metre balloon, Centaur, on Monday or Tuesday of next week. He will be accompanied by the secretary of the Aero club and another friend. This will be the Count's hundredth ascent, and he means to pass the night in the clouds, remaining aloft if possible twenty hours. The direction the trip will take will, of course, depend upon the wind.

#### What Society is Doing.

Miss Schiff, who had driven to Paris in an automobile, arrived at the Elysee Palace Hotel, and Captain Frank Beddington is also there. Captain Tressider, from Sheffield, and Mrs. Howard Caine have arrived at the Ritz. Lady Warwick and Lady Marjorie Greville have left for London. The Rajah of Pudukottah has left for India via Genoa. Dining at the Ritz to-night were Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, Count Hermann Hatzfeldt, and Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck.

#### QUEEN DRAGA'S JEWELS.

The late Queen Draga's sisters, who are about to sell that unfortunate lady's jewels, have decided to send them to London, and it is probable that they will be disposed of by Messrs. Christie some time in December. Among the principal items is a tiara, a rivière, and a bracelet of brilliants, given by the Tsar on the occasion of Madame Mashin's marriage to King Alexander. There is a second tiara, also of brilliants, two strings of large pearls, and several diamond and other rings, wedding gifts from King Alexander to his bride.

#### DESPOUNDENT STOCK EXCHANGE.

It was another somewhat unsatisfactory day on the Stock Exchange. The gold exports to South America have commenced, and so everybody fears a higher Bank rate. Consols, in fact, closed decidedly weak. Americans, too, are a bad market, and there is no doubt that many people fear trouble, commercially and financially, in the United States.

The strong market in West Australian mines, where all the leading shares are kept moving, and all the rubbers are not heard of for months and years is out for an airing. Things like Kalgoolie Associated, Half-Mile Reef, North Kalgoolie, and other shares recently active have probably a "tap" running somewhere, and if the public come along they will find that there is plenty of shares to sell.

The Transvaal gold output increases, but last month's figures were not good yesterday, as, with a working day more, the dealers wanted an increase of 18,000 ounces over September, and only got 8,000 ounces. But the news came too late to affect the market. The market was not a bad one, but it was not the public or genuine business that did it.

Perhaps one of the most satisfactory features was that most of the railway securities, Home, Colonial, or Foreign, continued very firm. It was the carry-over day of the Settlement, and the arrangement to continue the speculative account open found that the latter was in no case large, being perhaps most noteworthy, to the surprise of most people, in American Rails.



# THE ROYAL LOVE MATCH.

## DATE OF MARRIAGE NOT YET FIXED.

### PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The announcement of the betrothal of Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck, made yesterday in the *Daily Mirror*, was officially confirmed last night.

The date of the marriage has not yet been fixed, but it is expected the ceremony will take place at Windsor, though, indeed, but few plans have as yet been definitely decided upon. It is understood, however, that the happy couple will, after their marriage, make their home in England.

Yesterday, congratulations from nearly every royal family in Europe were received by the Duchess of Albany, and there were numerous good wishes showered upon the Princess, whose popularity at Esher, and indeed wherever she is known, is unbounded. One of the first telegrams came from the King. Callers were constantly arriving at Claremont House, and the bells of the Parish Church were rung for an hour yesterday morning to mark the occasion of the announcement of the engagement. Prince Alexander was also the recipient of many congratulations. The King sent a telegram to his brother, the Duke of Teck, at Windsor, expressing his Majesty's pleasure at the engagement.

#### A Love Match.

The news of Princess Alice's betrothal to Prince Alexander may have come as something of a surprise to the world, but in the intimacy of the Royal circle it has long been talked of as an almost certain love match, and the public announcement of the engagement was only delayed pending the approval of King Edward, Princess Alice being, it is said, one of the beneficiaries under Queen Victoria's will.

Those who know Princess Alice best declare that hers has been an ideal English girlhood, passed for the most part in the retirement of the home circle, but not without occasional peeps at the great world outside Esher, the village where she was born just twenty years ago.

The most thoughtful care was lavished on her education. The Duchess of Albany, condemned by the early death of her husband to social retirement, devoted herself to her children, and personally superintended every detail of her daughter's daily life. The ordinary routine of the schoolroom was diversified by most delightful object-lessons in the shape of visits to factories and laboratories, while music and art were not neglected, the little Princess showing great talent for drawing and painting.

#### The Pretty Princess.

To the good people of Esher it seems but yesterday that they watched Princess Alice and her brother running through the country lanes or galloping their ponies down the leafy alleys of the park at Claremont.

The Princess Alice is pretty, and carries herself with a graceful dignity which sits delightfully on her twenty summers. In her coronation dress of velvet and ermine she looked like the heroine of a fairy-tale, and gossips have been busy ever since trying to find a prince for her.

Prince Alexander of Teck, debonaire and handsome, is one of the most popular men in society. Choosing a military career, he has taken the rough with the smooth as the less exalted officers have to do. In the old days princes who entered the Army had their path made easy for them. Promotion was rapid and certain, and if they went to war, it was taken that they did not run into real danger. To-day they must earn promotion as others have to do, sharing the dangers and the hardships of the campaign.

#### A Mother's Feelings.

That his soldiering was real enough is shown by the following extract from his mother's journal when he was under orders for India. The Duchess of Teck wrote in December, 1894: "Alas! Early in the coming year we have to part with our much-loved youngest son, Alexander, who has to join his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in India. I dread the long separation; for the next autumn the it may be three years before he returns to England. It is an awful wrench, and I scarcely dare trust myself to think of it."

Prince Alexander served in the Boer war, and a good story of him is told by an Australian correspondent. "Some young officers," he wrote, "came over to hear if I had any news. After some talk one of them asked if I had been under fire. I said 'yes,' but added that I did not appreciate it, and that anyone who liked could have my share. "One young officer said, 'Well, we have to go under fire whether we like it or not.' I said: 'Yes, but that is what you are paid for.' The others all laughed; and it took, though in his absolutely plain khaki uniform he might have been a private soldier for all one could tell!"

Portraits of the Prince and Princess appear on Page 7.

#### LORD ROBERTS INDISPOSED.

Owing to a severe chill contracted while visiting Windsor on Friday, Lord Roberts has been compelled to cancel his engagements for the week. He is confined to his room at Ascot, but was reported last night to be going on as well as can be expected.

# ANGRY-BIRMINGHAM.

## BREACH OF ETIQUETTE OF POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The best players are always the keenest about observing the rules, and the dwellers in Birmingham are the most practised players of the political game in the kingdom. That is what makes the situation with regard to tonight's meeting in the Midland city so piquant.

The gathering, which is to be addressed by Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill—two of the Unionist free-fooders—has been convened by a Mr. Moore-Bayley, who held office in the local Conservative party, but who is in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The gravity of the charge against him is contained in the following passage from a letter written by Mr. Lowe, chairman of the Conservative party: "having failed to secure the assistance of his own party Mr. Moore-Bayley has sought the aid of our opponents," and Mr. Lowe goes on to point out that the organisation managing the meeting is a Radical one.

Birmingham does not think this is playing the game, and when Birmingham thinks this it is apt to take a hand in order to put things straight. Without going so far back as the Aston riots, when Mr. Churchill's father never had an opportunity of delivering the speech he had come prepared to give, it may be recalled that Mr. Lloyd-George, who was unwise enough to try his pro-Roer methods on Birmingham, had to come away hurriedly disguised as a policeman.

Birmingham is annoyed at the trick which has been attempted, and yesterday sandwichmen in the streets were carrying boards asking "Shall Radicals be allowed to oppose our Joe?" and calling upon the workmen to "come in thousands, Chamberlain Square, seven o'clock."

The Duke of Devonshire has essayed to play the rôle of peacemaker in a letter addressed to Mr. Moore-Bayley. He asks that a fair hearing be given in the city of Mr. Bright to the exponents of the opinions of which he was one of the foremost champions; but the trouble seems to be, not unwillingness to give a fair hearing, but dislike to a Radical demonstration masquerading as a Conservative meeting addressed by Unionist speakers. The feeling on this point is so strong locally that exciting times are expected to-night.

## SAVING THE PRINCE GEORGE.

The conduct of the officers and men on board the battleship Prince George when in collision recently with the Hannibal, during night manoeuvres off the Portuguese coast, has so favourably impressed the King that his Majesty has addressed a message to the entire Channel Fleet, expressing thorough appreciation of the splendid discipline exhibited on the Prince George on that occasion.

This battleship, it will be remembered, was seriously injured off Cape Finisterre, a big hole being made in her port side near the water-line. She was kept afloat all the way to Ferrol, a distance of eighty miles, by the efforts of her own and other ships' crews at the pumps, and was so badly waterlogged on reaching Ferrol that she had to be grounded in deep water. She is of the Majestic class, and of 14,900 tons.

## WHICH DO THE LADIES PREFER?

Are bearded men more intellectual than those who are clean shaven? It sounds like a conundrum, but it is brought to our notice by Mr. Algernon Ashton as a subject for serious contemplation. He had made out a list of famous clean-shaven men, and among the names are those of Luther, Napoleon, Wellington, Milton, Thackeray, Moltke, Handel, Mozart, Lincoln, Chatham, Canning, Peel, Chamberlain, Rosebery, and Morley.

The bearded intellectuals are no less famous. They include Rubens, Bismarck, Darwin, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Bright, Huxley, Spencer, Tennyson, Swinburne, Kipling, Dickens, Wagner, Mendelssohn, and Shaftesbury. And an extension of the lists shows an almost equal division of intellect among the two classes. Therefore remains the query in the heading of this paragraph—**which do the ladies prefer?**

## TO ROBE OR NOT TO ROBE.

Hornsey, flushed with its new dignity as a London borough, is considering how to make its corporation look pretty. A local J.P. has given a mace, and a body of Hornsey ladies is raising £350 for a mayoral chain and badge. The councillors yesterday discussed the question of robes. One party wished to vie with the splendour of other London borough councils; another took the view that robes were relics of barbarism. The mayor is a pro-rober, and announced that he should wear his official garment on the Bench.

## FUNERAL OF LORD ROWTON.

The funeral of Lord Rowton will take place at Kensal Green cemetery on Thursday at 12 o'clock. A memorial service will be held at the same hour at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

"There never was a better instance of a man being unpoised by prosperity." This was the tribute paid to Lord Rowton by the chairman of the Housing Committee of the London County Council yesterday.

# REVIVING THE PAST.

## REMARKABLE LIBEL ACTION AGAINST MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Mr. Justice Darling was yesterday occupied in hearing a remarkable action for libel recalling one of the most sensational criminal cases of a generation ago. Mr. John Meiklejohn, a former Scotland Yard detective, claimed damages from Major Griffiths, author of several important works on criminology, for statements made concerning him in a book called "The Mysteries of Police and Crime." Major Griffiths was formerly an Inspector of Prisons.

The work in which the statements complained of appeared was in three volumes and profusely illustrated. It included a history of the famous Benson frauds a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Meiklejohn was convicted of complicity with the swindler Benson, and his name was several times introduced into Major Griffiths' book. One statement was that Meiklejohn, "when the scent was hottest," was bought over, and through him a second officer was tempted. A second passage stated that Meiklejohn notified his "friends" of the issue of a warrant, and was believed to have received a douceur of £500 for that important service.

Mr. Crispe, K.C., for plaintiff, urged that sympathy was due to his client, as it was shocking thing that a man who had served his punishment should, after twenty-five years, be pilloried as a criminal. He did not propose to put Mr. Meiklejohn in the box to have his old past raked up.

Mr. Duke, K.C., who appeared for Major Griffiths and the publishers, said Meiklejohn had been convicted of a most heinous crime, and now had the effrontery to ask a jury of another generation to reverse the verdict. Mr. Duke reviewed the whole history of the case, stating that from 1874 Meiklejohn became acquainted with a gang of criminals who carried out a series of betting swindles, culminating in the De Concourt frauds, which brought the gang in as much as £20,000 in one month, £10,000 of which were the cheques of a lady in Paris. Meiklejohn had received hundreds of pounds from one of the gang, a man named Kerr, and two banknotes traced to Kerr's possession were, within two days, paid by the plaintiff in part purchase of a house in South London.

The hearing was adjourned.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Kaiser has so far recovered from his operation for polypos that he was able to take a walk with the Empress in the grounds of the New Palace yesterday afternoon.

The effects of the slight nervous shock that followed the operation have passed, and the wound, says Reuter, is in a healthy condition, and is healing normally.

A regrowth of the polypos is not anticipated by the medical profession, benignant polypos seldom reforming so long as the growth has been completely removed. Dr. Schmidt, who performed the operation on his Majesty, has retired from general practice, and now only treats the Emperor.

"Providence has need of such a personality as the Emperor William," one of the Russian newspapers, the "Herald," remarks in a cordial article, "and we, therefore, hope that the wishes and prayers for his speedy recovery will be heard."

## DOWAGER LADY ROSSLYN'S DEBTS.

The case of Blanche Adeliza, Countess of Rosslyn, was again before the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday. Her gross debts are £95,578, and the assets £19,447. The Official Receiver stated that the consideration for the debts of one hundred of the creditors was not stated. "I see," said the Registrar, "a creditor with the trade 'hair-dresser' after his name; surely that is the consideration?"

The Official Receiver: Not always; sometimes hairdressers supply jewellery.

## ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

Time may, after all, rob the M.C.C. team of victory in the first match of the Australian tour against Australia at Adelaide. By "declaring" at 483 for eight wickets, and then disposing of three Colonial batsmen for 50 runs, the Englishmen seemed on Monday night to hold a reasonable chance of finishing the match in their favour yesterday. South Australia failed in their first innings, following on in a minority of 201 runs, a splendid stand by their captain, Clem Hill, and Hack in their second essay put a much better complexion on the game, and as there is to be only a short day's cricket to-day it is not improbable, should the wicket hold good, that the Australians will keep their ends up long enough to make a draw of it. Present score:—

M.C.C.	
Mr. P. F. Warner, c Jennings, b Claxton	63
Hayward, c Hill, b Travers	157
Tyldesley, c Giffen, b Claxton	1
Mr. K. E. Foster, run out	2
Braund, b Giffen	88
Hirst, c Evans, b Claxton	37
Mr. J. T. Bosanquet, b Hay	19
Lilley, not out	91
Relf, c Travers, b Claxton	30
Arnold, not out	7
Extras	16
Total (for eight)	483
*Innings declared.	

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.	
F. T. Hack, b Rhodes	16
A. H. Gehrs, run out	31
C. Hill, b Lilley	18
Bosanquet	2
G. Giffen, c Lilley, b Arnold	22
J. Travers, b Hirst	11
N. Claxton, b Arnold	11
C. B. Jennings, not out	26
Lilley, c Hirst, b Relf	0
T. C. Reedman, c Lilley, b Arnold	1
W. M. Newland, c Rhodes, b Braund	10
H. Hay, b Braund	0
Extras	12
Total	172
Total (2 wickets) 191	

# SNAPSHOT INTERVIEWS.

## THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF A POOR CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

"No, dear James could not come this time," said a country vicar's wife who was taking tea at a house where the *Daily Mirror* gossip was calling. "You see, at this time of the year he cannot very well leave the pigs."

Pigs, certainly. In a parish like ours you have to keep pigs if you are to be in any sort of sympathy with the dear people. Pigs are a sort of bond of union between us all, besides helping to make both ends meet. The dear pigs and the dear poultry; I don't know how we should manage without them. James looks after the pigs; the poultry are in my parish. Oh, I know what you were going to say—something about a cure of souls and home-cured bacon being a funny mixture. But you have no idea what a country parson's wife in a poor parish has to be able to do.

"If you know anyone who is thinking of marrying a country parson tell her to leave to all about Hampshire and Plymouth Rocks, and how to make cackocks and how to sell them, and how to embroider stoles, and how to charge for taking care of mental cases, and how to make a two-year-old bonnet look as if it were only a year old. But the pigs—they are the most important of all!"

## A VETERAN KNIGHT.

An old man with a leonine head crowned with snowy hair swept back Liszt fashion from a massive forehead, and bushy white brows overhanging the brightest brown eyes imaginable—such is Sir August Manns.

"I have received hundreds of telegrams from my friends," he said. "Of course, I am gratified by the honour his Majesty has done me. I assure you that when I received the Prime Minister's communication I thought it was a *Scherz*—what you call a hoax—and did not believe it to be true till I saw my name in the papers. For the last eighteen months I have lived in retirement. I have been very ill."

"It was trying to be confined to one's room with two nurses to obey, but now I am making good progress. In spite of my weakness, I was able to conduct the Good Friday concert at the Crystal Palace, and I hope to be able to do so next Good Friday. I shall be eighty then. It was in '45 that I gave up my engagement as bandmaster in Room's Regiment, and left Köln for England. What a state of things I found when I arrived here! An orchestra—yes, and instruments—picked up, one would think, in the streets. I was young then, and full of enthusiasm; I wanted to give the people Beethoven and Mozart—not quadrilles on popular airs!"

"It is not for me to speak of deserts—but I led the way. I am getting old and shall not do much more, but it is pleasant at the end of one's work to feel that it has been appreciated."

## THE VILLAGE TRADESMAN'S PLAINT.

"Business in Kensington!" said a shopkeeper of the "Old Court Suburb," in reply to an inquiry, "why there simply isn't any. People talk of Kensington as if it were a populous suburb of London. It is nothing of the kind. It is a miserable little old village in a remote part of Middlesex, and it is as dead commercially, as any of the other little old villages in remote parts of the country."

"But, surely," said the gossip, "Kensington High-street is one of the favourite shopping streets of London?"

"So people think who don't know," he replied. "Whom do you see in it? The same people morning after morning. The same old gentlemen walking to the barbers and back before lunch, the same old ladies with the same dogs, the same young married women in the same dresses, talking to the same boys with nothing to do; the same nurses with the same perambulators—just the same lot walking up and down, and never spending a penny except occasionally for a postage stamp."

"Like all villagers they never buy anything in the village. There would not be a shop in Kensington if we did not get our customers from a distance."

## LORD BYRON AND THE ORGAN FIEND.

"I'd like to put a placard up at the end of Fitzjohn's-avenue," said Lord Byron wearily. "It should set forth in big black letters that 'No barrel organs or German bands are allowed up this road.' There are already similar notices in some roads forbidding funerals. 'Every pauper alien who turns a handle in London brings his musical instrument here.'"

"How do I suggest that the noise fiend be killed? Well, I would put up a notice, then I would give the police power to remove every musical alien from the neighbourhood. But, greatest remedy of all, I would put a poll tax of £50 on every foreigner, and if that did not keep undesirable people from the country, I'd raise it to £100."

## LINCOLN RACES.

The Lincoln Autumn Meeting concluded yesterday, when the following were the results of races:—

Race.	Horse.	Rider.	Price.
Yarborough (8).	Falcon d'Or	Madden	100 to 30
Selling (10).	Elfring	Madden	7 to 2
Wellbeck (9).	Rifra Falcon	Butchers	8 to 1
Autum (9).	Lord Lope	Ridgway	10 to 1
Blankney (9).	The Belle Billy	Martin	5 to 1
Eltham (8).	Cottager	Cannon	7 to 4

(The figures in parentheses state the number of starters.)  
The Liverpool Meeting commences to-day, when the following may be successful:—Knowles Nursery—Pace Egger colt; Great Lancashire Handicap—Selkirk; Liverpool St. Leger—Kilmore; County Stakes—Jongleur; Westmoreland Welter—Steady; New Prospect Stand Plate—Kilcheran.





## LOOKS TO READ AND OTHERS



### \*ROMANCE AT LAST.

STEVENSON, when some one asked him what he considered the most romantic thing in the world, replied, "A ship sailing off the coast of Flanders." I once asked Mr. George Moore the same question, and he said: "A woman going into a nunnery—or coming out of one."

And that is the note of romance that is struck on the very first page of "Uther and Igraine." It is an Arthurian romance, moving in that gorgeous world of errantry and chivalry, of stark passions and tender dreams, that has enshrined itself in so many legends. Whether "Warwick Deeping" be an assumed name or not, whether the author is a man or a woman, it would be hard to say; but it is a fact that we have here a first book which is entitled to be criticised on the highest plane of romantic literature; exquisitely, though barely, written; full of restraint—a thing hardly ever known in a first book; and containing a story perfectly balanced, perfectly told.

#### II.

The novice Igraine, when the Convent of Avangell is sacked by the invaders, escapes alone into the woods. There she is found by a band of barbarians, who, restrained from further violence by their chief, strip her and leave her tied to a tree. There are two pictures here worth reproducing. The first is when the barbarians find Igraine.

A hand closed on the girl's wrist. The knife that had been turned towards her own heart was snatched away and sprang to a distance. There were men all about her—ogreish folk, moustachioed, jerked in skins, bare armed, bare legged. Igraine stood like a statue—insensible—frozen into a species of sympathy. The bearded faces thronged her, gazed at her with a gross solemnity. The wood seemed of gruff voices, of grotesque words mumbled through hair.

And the second describes her condition when her enemies had left her.

When the men were gone, and she began to realise what had passed, she felt a flush spread from face to ankle, a glow of shame that was as keen as fire. Her whole body seemed roiled with blushes. The very trees had eyes, and the wind seemed to whisper mischief. There were none to see, none to wonder, and yet she felt like Eve in Eden when knowledge had smitten the pure flesh with gradual shame.

In those two passages you have the essence of the whole descriptive and story-telling art; there is always a picture, always a suggestion; the words address themselves to the eye and the mind simultaneously, and the whole thing thrills with colour, life, and breath.

#### III.

Igraine is rescued by the Knight Pelleas, who is in reality Prince Uther. His chivalry (for he thinks her a nun) respects her habit, and she does not undress him or tell him she is only a novice. So they ride away together, learning to love each other, the man's soul shaken with the woe of loving a forbidden woman, whose lips it would be sacrilege to touch, the girl's heart delighting in this strong, loyal knight, and revelling in possession of the secret that, by the speaking of a word, shall bring them together.

They rest at a deserted manor house, and he fights the barbarians for possession of it. He is badly wounded, and she nurses him, the two getting daily deeper into the bondage of unspoken love. While he sleeps she swims the moat in order to bring across the barge, and so ensure that no enemy can come at them. And here follows a most beautiful passage which I must give at length, for it is typical of the best in the book. In sheer beauty and vividness it is a reminder of Mr. Meredith in those rare moments when he uses words only to paint pictures; and I can give it no higher praise than that.

#### IV.

Her hair in shackles, she turned to her task in earnest. Soon habit, shift, and sandals were lying in a heap, and she was standing, clean, rare, gleamingly straight as a statue, with her arms folded upon her breast. For a moment she stood, making the night to swoon, before taking to the mere. Pearly white with an aureole of foam, she swam flankwise with an overhand stroke, one arm thrusting out like a silver sickle. Here and there, freed by the willows, long moonbeams glided in and round whiteness, as the maddened foam bubbled, and the water sighed and yearned amid the sedges. A fine glow had least through her body like wine, and the mere seemed to sway and sing as she swam from the main place, where the willows stood blackly in a mist of phosphor. She reached the shallows as a pleasant place, where stretch of grassland tongued into the midst of phos- phor. She climbed out, and stood like a water nymph, her body agleam and asplashed with her dew, her skin like rare silk, smooth as the star's glance. Down fell the rain like smoke. She stretched her arms to the moon and laughed, aglow with a warmth gotten of her swim. Then she went to where the barge lay amid the reeds, and boarding it, poled out into the deeps.

#### V.

How Igraine and Uther are separated (he leaves her because, thinking her a nun, he dare no longer stay near her); how she is pursued by Gorlois of Cornwall, and by one of Merlin's spells married to him against his wish; how he imprisons her in his Castle of Tintagel, where she suffers untold agonies rather than submit her will to his; how she is rescued by Uther, loses her reason, and escapes to a hermitage; and how, after long wanderings, she finds him there, and with his kiss brings her back to sanity, happiness, and the long-withheld rapture of love—these hap-

\*UTHER AND IGRAINE. By Warwick Deeping. Grant Richards.

penings are the material of this very remarkable book. They fill its pages with a glow of romance, a pageantry of life and colour; and underneath it all lies the call of spring, of youth, of love, of life, and a hatred of the chill and unnatural restraints represented by the Church, from which Igraine fled.

This is the most remarkable "first book" that has been issued for years. What will follow it?

Filton Young.

By the Earl of Cromer.

Few public men of the present day are better known or more widely respected than the Earl of Cromer. As an administrator, as a soldier, and especially as the founder of British success in Egypt, he has rendered his country excellent service. Moreover, he is the author of several well-known military works, such as the "Staff College Essays," and a treatise on the War Game. It is, therefore, the more delightful to learn that, in the midst of his public occupations and the exacting duties of his Egyptian administration, he has found leisure for purely literary work, and has produced a beautiful volume called "Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek." (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

What the Book is.

The present book is a collection of translations from the Greek. It consists of three parts, the first of which contains 124 selections from the Greek Anthology; the second three idylls of Theocritus; and the third two poems of Moschus. In estimating its success it is only fair to premise that the author, in his preface, is careful to disclaim any special knowledge of the original Greek. He speaks of "his very limited knowledge" of the language, and admits his debt to the prose translations of Mr. Mackail and Mr. Andrew Lang. "Most of my versions," he says, "are phrases rather than translations." Bearing this in mind, we are inclined to regard the book with almost unqualified satisfaction.

### THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

PERSEPOLIS (About people). By Sigma. Blackwood.  
THE SECRET IN THE HILL (Novel). By Bernard Capes. Smith, Elder.  
NOBODY'S BABY (Novel). By Tom Gallon. Nash.  
THE REAL DICKENS LAND (Places and lessons). By H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Ward. Chapman and Hall.

### THE PAPERS.

#### NOT HANDICAPPED BY TRUTH.

To tell a good story often involves a certain amount of invention; no really gifted raconteur has ever been deficient in imagination.—"Spectator."

#### THE WAGNER MYTH.

Berlin has about destroyed the Wagner myth. The recent festival was a failure. After the "sacred drama" has been produced in New York Frau Wagner will have to take a new tack or Bayreuth may be deserted entirely.—"Inquirer," Philadelphia, U.S.A.

#### ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

To read that the general health of the community is unusually good this autumn, despite the fact that the heavens are continually open, the air laden with damp, and the streets perpetually running water, almost provokes a feeling of aggravation, instead of one of gratitude that we have not had all the ills that flesh is heir to as an outcome of this disastrous weather.—"Lady's Pictorial."

#### THE MUFFIN BELL.

Among my earliest recollections is the merry tinkle of the bell when the propetor of muffins and crumpets used to stalk down the road at the witching hour of tea-time, his wooden tray artfully supported on his head, and the treasures it held covered with a green-baize cloth. And now the magisterial fiat has gone forth and I shall hear the sound no more. "Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni."—"The Sketch."

#### MOTORS AND THE LADIES' MILE.

It is only where traffic is one delightful leisurely procession, in which women are borne in their chariots from Long Acre, and reins rest easily in the hands of inattentive coachmen, that the presence of a "live" motor becomes an unmitigated nuisance. Such a spot is the south drive of the Park, and here in future the motor shall neither smelt nor belch petrol fumes, and no one shall be hurried or harrowed. Sacred to the horse-drawn carriage, the Ladies' Mile will have a new charm.—"Court Journal."

#### PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

Personal liberty is already a thing of the past in Australia. Why, look at even one instance. A poor, tired laundress is not allowed to rise early and get through her exhausting work in the cool of the morning or to finish it in the evening, so as to rest in the hottest part of a scorching summer day. A parental Government has insisted that she shall wait until the sun is well up, work all through the heat, and leave off before there is any relief gained by the sun going down.—"Table Talk," Melbourne.

## TOO TRUTHFUL. PORTRAITS.

### A FEW WORDS ON ARTISTS AND FAIR WOMEN.

IS it true that the majority of women, however fair they be, are annoyed when a painter pictures them with absolute truthfulness?

Do they always think a painter cruel if he pictures them as they are, instead of as they think they should be?

The little story of Madame Réjane told on this page the other day suggests these questions. Madame Réjane seems to have been highly indignant with the artist because he appears to have considered it impossible to improve upon nature. She might have felt flattered, but women were ever unreasonable, as doubtless the famous painter exclaimed.

The exhibition now open at Messrs. Vicars Brothers in Old Bond-street brings the same thoughts to mind once more.

#### A Long Array of Fair Women.

So entrancing is this gallery of fair women given to the world by Samuel Cousins that one may well pause to reflect whether our ancestors were really so superior in grace and beauty to the women of the present day as these prints would have us believe. The reflection would be unpleasant if it were impossible to find some acceptable explanation.

#### Gallant Old Masters.

And such an explanation is not far to seek. Cousins engraved his mezzotints after the works of such masters as Reynolds and Lawrence—no less than thirty-three of his plates were done from original portraits by the last-named artist—and these masters understood the art of idealising the beauty of their sitters, without losing sight of the likeness.

#### How Lady Hamilton Haunted Romney.

It is curious to note that the ladies' portraits by the acknowledged great masters have, underlying the individual likeness of each sitter, a general type of beauty which corresponds with the artists' ideal. In the case of Romney this fact is particularly noticeable as the features of Lady Hamilton lurk underneath the

masks of nearly all his female sitters. In our own time the artists' chief endeavour seems to be that the portrait should be absolutely true to nature. Were they to idealise, like Reynolds and Lawrence, a gallery of modern portraits would be quite as attractive as this exhibition of Cousins's mezzotints.

#### A Girl in Her First Beauty.

One of the most interesting prints in the show is that of Miss Rosamond Croker, after Sir Thomas Lawrence. The lady represented on this plate, which dates back to 1828, when she was in the full bloom of her girlish beauty, is still among the living. She is the adopted daughter of the late Sir J. Wilson Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty.

#### A Peel Heirloom.

One of the most beautiful of all the portraits is that of Julia, Lady Peel (who died in 1859), after Lawrence. The original picture formed part of the Peel heirloom, and was sold by Sir Robert Peel in Paris for a comparatively trifling sum. Unfortunately the picture will probably be lost to us for all time, as no owner would risk bringing it back to England, where it could immediately be claimed and seized by the heirs.

#### The Artist Himself.

Samuel Cousins, the author of all these superb plates, was a Devonshire man, the son of an Exeter tradesman, born in 1801. He was the first engraver who attained the exalted position of a full Royal Academician, and he showed his appreciation of this honour by making a gift of £15,000 to the Royal Academy. Mezzotint engraving seems indeed to have been a paying pursuit!

#### Great Beauties of Past Days.

Whilst looking at this marvellous array of prints, all of which are in surprisingly good condition, it becomes easy to understand the recent craze for good examples of our great mezzotinters' work. Not only are these rich, velvety prints in themselves a delight to one's eye; not only do they appeal to the collector on account of their rarity, for a mezzotint plate is a delicate object, and the delightful bloom, which is the chief characteristic of good specimens, is frequently worn off after a few impressions, but the subjects chosen by the engravers were, with but few exceptions, portraits of the greatest beauties of their period, depicted by the greatest portrait painters.



## The PLAY HOUSE.

THE production of a new play, "The Mistress of the Robes," last week, by Miss Ellen Terry, at Liverpool, and the production a few weeks earlier by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of "Undine," also in the provinces, must draw marked attention to the peculiar fact that London is, and has been for some time—except for two very brief intervals this year—entirely without an actress-manager.

#### Why?

At the present moment also there is not one single theatre in London putting forward an actress as the one "bright star" of the play; the nearest approach to it is only to be found at the Duke of York's, where Miss Irene Vanbrugh shares the "stellar" honours with Mr. H. B. Irving, and at the Vaudeville Miss Terriss divides prominence with her husband. Why this should be so no one, however well acquainted with theatrical affairs, could attempt to answer convincingly, for prejudice must, to some extent, let it be ever so little, enter into the feelings of everyone deeply interested in the question of a woman's position on the stage.

#### Is it Fair?

That the stage does not give her the same chances as it affords a man may well be argued if we look around, and take note of the number of English actor-managers, and compare their numbers with those of the actress-managers. It is reasonable to admit that an actor at the head of his own theatre is but human if he stars himself rather than his leading lady, but at present even the managers who are not actors are not starring any actress at any theatre in London in the manner that we are accustomed to hear of the practice being carried out in America—where business alone is the motive actuating the producer of the play.

#### American Methods in London.

That an actress can be as great an attraction on the bills as an actor goes without saying, and Mr. Charles Frohman—greatest of American managers—discovered the secret long ago. In London, at the Duke of York's, he couples Miss Irene Vanbrugh with Mr. H. B. Irving; and all last summer, winter, and spring he presented "The Marriage of Kitty," first at the Duke of York's, afterwards at Wyndham's, with Miss Marie Tempest as the big feature of the cast. No one spoke of that play without mentioning Miss Tempest's name; and in America to-day Mr. Frohman has half a dozen plays running, in each of which the name of an actress, not an actor, is put forward as the star on the programme.

Other American managers follow the same policy, and make it pay.

The question, however, of the star actress is one altogether apart from that of the actress-manager, except in so far as the one position may be a preliminary condition to the other. Men say that women do not succeed in management because of their want of business capacity; but they—just as every actor who ventures on a season of his own—employ a business manager. Unfortunately, however, an actress seldom possesses the knack of talking about business in sound, reasonable manner, and the actors who can attract the necessary financial help for a theatrical speculation are many, whilst the women are few indeed.

#### Feminine Perception Extolled.

In America the actress-manageress is as scarce as here, nor does the actor-manager flourish there to any great extent either. The business men have seized the big cities, and they control the output of plays. In England there is no such thing as a theatrical trust, and on that account it is a pity that the actress does not seek a bigger share of management than she at present possesses. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's tenancy of the Royalty Theatre that ended two years ago and her partnership with Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Prince of Wales's led to the production of some deeply interesting stage plays that gave to those two managements a well-earned artistic distinction. A woman's perception exercised in the choice of plays is well worth having.

#### The Lucky Black Cat.

Miss Mary Moore confesses that she has one or two little superstitions, and attributes these to her Irish blood. In her dressing room at the New Theatre there reposes every evening a black cat which was given to her on the first night of the play for good luck. Her personal mascot takes the form of a charming pin, with the letter "M" in diamonds, surmounted by a pearl, and this is invariably worn on first nights. Her favourite colour is pale blue, and those who have admired her beautiful set of turquoise know how well this hue becomes her, in jewellery, as well as in frocks and millinery.

#### A Devotee of Athleticism.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh is not among those who affirm that the good looks of women are spoiled by athleticism. She herself likes athletic games of all kinds, and is a great believer in the benefits to be obtained from fresh air. She is a fond lover of animals, and has three favourite dogs at her house in the country. Miss Vanbrugh is a trifle superstitious, and possesses a favourite mascot in the shape of a necklace of rock turquoise, which she is wont to wear on first nights.



## ROYALTY AT THE PLAY.

### A BRILLIANT GATHERING.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,  
Tuesday Evening.

To-day has exceeded our expectations by being quite delightful. Dry and cold air made walking a pleasure, and consequently there have been no lack of people to be seen taking advantage of the sunshine.

Lady Stirling (who is so piquante-looking), wearing black and white, was in Piccadilly, where Mrs. Oppenheim was driving with her daughter; Lady Maud Warrender was in a motor-brougham, Lady Affleck was another passenger, and Sir Frank and Lady Swettenham (he is Governor of the Straits Settlements) were together, and the Duke of Alva was one of many men cut and about.

### Royalty and Charity.

Princess Christian, than whom in the cause of charity no one is more indefatigable, was present this afternoon at the Great Queen-street Theatre, to witness a performance of "His Excellency The Governor," given by the Grey Friars' Amateur Dramatic Society, in aid of her Crèche at Windsor.

The Princess, who was presented on her arrival with a bouquet of Parma violets, was accompanied by Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, dressed in duck's egg blue, with black feathers in a pink hat, and Princess Victoria, wearing pale blue cloth, with a moleskin coat.

### The Audience.

The house was filled with a well-satisfied audience, who came early and stayed late. In the stalls were Eugénie Lady Esher, Lady Agneta Montagu, wearing black, Lady Heneage, Lady Mount-Stephen, Lady Charlotte Montgomerie in black, Lady Sybil Smith, who had on some lovely sable furs, and Mrs. Seymour Corkran. Mrs. Walter Palmer, wearing a pink coat over a black dress with a white toque, had a party of friends in a box: Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), one of whose plays was acted first, was in another box; and among several men who had seats were Lord Howe, Lord Glenesk, Mr. Leo Rothschild, Sir Robert Filmer, Sir Francis Astley-Corbett, and Mr. Godfrey Baring. There were a bevy of pretty girls dressed in grey costumes selling programmes, their number including Miss Dorothy Vivian, Miss Dorothy Hood, Miss Violet Wood, Miss Helena Montagu (whose sisters were both acting), Miss Horner, and Miss Muriel Corkran. The orchestra was composed of ladies, who played charmingly under the direction of the Rance of Sarawak.

### House-Parties.

Lord and Lady Hertford are entertaining a shooting party this week at Ragley Hall, Alcester, including Lord and Lady Yarmouth, Dudley Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Lady Jane Seymour, Miss Moreton, Lord Seymour, Mr. R. de Crespigny, Lord Henry Baring, Lord George Seymour, and Captain Barne. Lord and Lady Derby are entertaining a party at Knowsley for the Liverpool races, which includes Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Wolverton, Lord and Lady Essex, and Lord Marcus Beresford. The Dowager Lady Cardigan is entertaining a house-party next week at Deane Hall, for a ball, when Lord and Lady Cardigan will be among the guests.

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

There will be some fresh arrivals at Sandringham on Friday for the week-end, and the King and Queen will return to town on Monday morning, leaving again for Windsor the same day to await the arrival of the King and Queen of Italy.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the daughters are expected to arrive in London on Saturday.

Lord Esher, one of the new War Office reformers, owes in a measure his great intimacy with the King to the fact that Lady Esher, known as Mile. Van de Weyer, has been closely connected with the whole of our Royal Family from the closest foreign friends, and the late Princess Alice was once allowed to pay them a visit.

This was the only time the Queen broke through her rule of never allowing her unmarried daughters to stay under any roof but

her own. Lady Esher, who writes charming verse, is very French-looking. She married when only seventeen, and so looks hardly older than her pretty débutante daughter.

Lady Victoria Kerr and Captain Gosling, who are to be married to-morrow, will spend their honeymoon at Bowhill in Selkirkshire, which has been lent to them by the Duke of Buccleuch. They have taken a small house in the Bicester country, where they intend to hunt this winter.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford is in town, but is shortly going to Dublin to stay with Lord and Lady Dudley, with whom she has spent so much time since Lord Dudley became Viceroy. She is most devoted to their children, who call her "Granny."

Mr. Arthur Balfour and Miss Balfour will visit Lord and Lady Dudley at the Viceregal Lodge shortly. Mr. Balfour has a long standing invitation, having been invited by his Excellency for the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race, but was unable to go as Parliament was sitting at that time.

Lady Troubridge has recently completed a play to be called "The Beautiful Mrs. Oakleigh." Lady Troubridge is a very charming woman; she is a sister of Lady Dudley, and used to go into society with Lady Henry

## YESTERDAY'S WEDDINGS.

GROSVENOR-NIXON.—On Nov. 10, at St. Jude's, South Kensington, by the Rev. Nevill Lovett, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Eardley Wilmot, the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, son of Lord Stalbridge and cousin of the Duke of Westminster, to Miss Gladys Nixon, daughter of the late Mr. Brinsley de Courcy Nixon, of 27, Collingham-gardens, S.W.

St. Jude's was prettily decorated with white flowers and palms yesterday for the wedding of the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, son of Lord Stalbridge, and Miss Gladys Nixon.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in her dress of white silk voile, which was trimmed with Brussels lace flounces and chiffon roses.

The bridesmaids' dresses were exceedingly pretty, of mauve chiffon, worn with picture hats to match. They carried bouquets of violets, and wore safety-pin brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The guests numbered over 200, and included Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, the latter in pale blue, Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, wearing black satin and white clusters in her bonnet, Lady Mary Crichton, dressed in pale fawn cloth, and Lord and Lady Stalbridge.

Lady Galsworthy, in black, was one of the best gowned women present, and Lady Jane Lindsay was wearing grey, with white furs.

At St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, S.W., yesterday afternoon, the marriage took place

## FROM THE SHIRES.

The meet of the Belvoir yesterday at Raucely Hall, the residence of Major-General Sir Midway Willson, K.C.B., was remarkable for the number of foxes which the hounds found in the Raucely coverts. There was a spell of woodland hunting before a fox faced the open. Even then he made a desperate effort to regain the starting place, but, being frustrated, he ran on to Raucely Thorns. There other foxes came to the rescue, and although hounds got away with one through the Cliffe Hill covert the fugitive left such an indifferent scent behind that he had no difficulty in beating the pack in Riseby Park.

### The Cottismore.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale Duncan welcomed a large and aristocratic company to Knossington Grange yesterday, the occasion being a lawn meet of the Cottismore. In the absence of the Master through indisposition, Sir Arthur Fludger was in command, others present being Duchess of Newcastle (who has returned to Somerby from visiting Lord and Lady Linlithgow at Hopetoun), Victoria Lady Yarborough, and Mr. J. Maunsell-Richardson, Sir Arthur Lucas, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Lady Gerard, Elizabeth, Lady Wilton, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Percy Evans-Freke, Lady Angela Forbes, Lord Churchill, Mr. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Cowley, Colonel and Lady Julia Follett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzwilliam, General Brocklehurst, etc.

A large field met Lord FitzHardinge's hounds at Hardwicke Court, near Gloucester, yesterday, those out riding or driving, including Lord FitzHardinge, Sir Lionel and Lady Darell, the Misses Darell, General Sir William and Lady Gatacre, Mr. Romer Williams, Captain Forester-Walker, Captain Hill Davidson, Major Porter, Captain and Mrs. Graham Clarke, and many more.

### Among Castle Ruins.

The South Cheshire hounds yesterday met at Bulkeley village, and chased a fine fox into the North Cheshire country right up to the ruins of Beeston Castle. The fugitive climbed the castle wall, and the field from the vale below saw hounds hunt him over the castle ruins. Scent was only moderately good, however, and on ringing back to the hill hounds were beaten. The country is still very heavy. The field included Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, Lady Holland, Mr. James Tomkinson, M.P., Mr. Arthur Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Hornby, Mr. Brocklehurst, Mr. Ramsden, Mr. St. John Charlton, Mr. Brocklebank, Major Kearsley, etc.

### DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Bishop of St. David's has been forbidden by his medical advisers to take part in public work for some time.

Bishop of Stepney: Progressing as favourably as can be expected.

Sir J. Blundell Maple: Passed a good night and day, but yesterday evening his condition was weaker.

Sir Francis Jeune: Progressing satisfactorily.

### WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Fair; maximum, 62.

Cannes.—Beautiful weather; nine hours' sunshine; calm; maximum, 67.

Cairo.—Slightly cloudy; forecast, colder; maximum, 72; minimum, 60.

Montone.—Brilliant sunshine; temperature at noon, 64.

Naples.—Ten hours' sun shine; maximum, 67; minimum, 48; barometer steady.

### NAVAL AND MILITARY.

All questions regarding Roman Catholic military chaplains in the British Army have been settled satisfactorily, and it is announced from Rome that the Bishop of Southwark has been appointed ecclesiastical superior to all Roman Catholic commissioned chaplains throughout the Empire.

The transport Dilwara, Southampton for Malta, has arrived at Gibraltar.

The following naval appointments have been made:—Lieut. V. R. Brandon to Egeria; re-appointed on promotion, September 2.

### LADIES AT HOCKEY.

A ladies' hockey match between Richmond and The Croft was played at Richmond yesterday. The visitors showed excellent form, and won by three goals to two. The Richmond wings did not support their centre forward so well as usual.



THE ROYAL LOVERS: PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY and PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, whose Engagement the "Daily Mirror" announced yesterday.

(Photograph by C. Knight, Aldershot.)

Somerset before she married Sir Thomas Troubridge.

Monday, November 23rd, being the twenty-first anniversary of the opening of College Hall, Byng-place, the council will be at home to their friends and supporters. Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S., has kindly consented to take the chair. An address will be given by Professor Perry, F.R.S.

Lord and Lady Rosmead have returned to Ascot from paying visits in Ireland. Lady Rosmead is an enthusiastic dog fancier, Schipperkes being her special favourites: one of these, "Tiny," is her shadow and follows her everywhere.

The Duchess of Sutherland has been cruising off the coast of Scotland with a party on board the "Golden Eagle." The yacht touched at the Island of Harris, and the Duchess went ashore and visited several of the centres of the Harris Tweed industry in which she takes so much interest.

Lord and Lady Lytton have returned to their picturesque home in Queen Anne's-gate, overlooking Birdcage-walk, and where, one afternoon in the season, they were honoured with a visit from both the King and Queen. Little Lord Knebworth is thriving apace, and is thought to bear a good deal of resemblance to his lovely mother.

### THE LADIES' ATHENAEUM CLUB.

Yet another ladies' club is to be started, and one, too, that will appeal to a very large section of the women of this country, as it is essentially for those connected with the Politics, Art, Literature, and Music of the day. The original subscription will be £4 4s. a year; amongst those ladies who are on the committee are Lady Lytton, Lady Jane Taylor, Lady Archibald Campbell, Lady Stanley, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West.

Further details about this club may be obtained from the Secretary at the Hyde Park Hotel.

of Mr. George Ludovic Houstoun, D.L., J.P., Renfrewshire, of Johnstone Castle, Johnstone, N.B., and Miss Annie Douglas Stirling, daughter of General Sir William Stirling, K.C.B., who served in the Crimean War.

There were six bridesmaids, who wore gowns of ivory mousseline de soie, trimmed with chenille and lace, and brown beaver hats, with shaded autumn leaves. The bride, who was given away by her father, was dressed in ivory mousseline satin, embroidered in silver and mother of pearl.

The reception, held at 30, Eccleston-street, was largely attended, among those invited being Lord and Lady Blythwood, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, Sir Michael and Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart, Sir Charles and Lady Bine Renshaw, Sir John and Lady Stirling-Maxwell, Mr. and Lady Georgiana Mure, Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats.

### OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

"Much joy and favour to thee."  
—Shakespeare.

Many happy returns to:—

The King of Italy.

Lady Constance Ennott. Lord Percy St. Maur.  
Miss Bridget Byng. Lord Ernest St. Maur.

The King of Italy, who next week will receive in person the felicitations of the people of this country, is a monarch whose tastes are very similar to those of our own King, he being very fond of outdoor sports, and especially of motoring.

Lord Percy and Lord Ernest St. Maur are the twin brothers of the Duke of Somerset. Lord Percy is married to a sister of Lord Annaly, but Lord Ernest is as yet unmarried.

According to the copies of the Indian papers just received for the last week but one in October, Lord Curzon was for a short time obliged to keep to his bed at Simla as the result of a fall from his pony in Kumaon. He only bruised his leg, however, and was expected to be about again in a day or two.



## AMUSEMENTS.

## HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.

TODAY at 5 and TO-NIGHT at 9.  
Preluded at 2.30 and 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.  
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

## HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
Shakespeare's  
KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.  
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

## IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER.  
TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
MR. LEWIS WALLER as  
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.  
Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

## IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER begins to give  
the THEATRE will be CLOSED on the evening of FRIDAY  
NEXT, November 12, the last of MONSIEUR BEAU-  
CAIRE "being RESUMED on SATURDAY, the 14th.  
RATONNE and EVENING PERFORMANCE AS USUAL.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. J. H. LEIGH will give  
Representations of Shakespeare's Play,  
THE TEMPEST.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, until further notice.  
MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30.  
Sir Arthur Sullivan's Music, with full Orchestra.  
Scenery by H. Potts.  
Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 5,024 Westminster.  
SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEES, Nov. 14 and 21.

## SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.

WILLIAMS and WALKER.  
A CHINESE ROYAL MOON (8 o'clock).  
Established A.D. MCMLI.  
The only real and reliable  
WILLIAMS and WALKER.  
IN DAHOMEY.  
MATINEES WED. and SAT., 4.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

## STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. Frank Curzon, Proprietor and Manager.  
A CHINESE ROYAL MOON (8 o'clock).  
Established A.D. MCMLI.  
By George Dancy, 854th Performance. Edward Talbot.  
854th PERFORMANCE TO-DAY.

MATINEE TO-DAY, and EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.15.

## MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN

TOUR—THIS WEEK, LYCEUM THEATRE, EDIN-  
BURGH. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be  
resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

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Founded to provide Ladies, Relatives of Military and  
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The Countess of Devon.  
The Countess of Mayo.  
The Countess Cadogan.  
The Lady Radcliffe.  
The Lady Beatrice Kempe.  
The Lady Edith Campbell.  
The Lady Maud Warrender.  
The Lady Susan Mount.  
The Hon. Lady Fremantle.  
The Hon. Mrs. St. John Brodrick.  
The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Hamaker.  
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Secretary.

The Hon. Lillian Heneker.  
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## PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and  
Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared  
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.  
Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

EDNA.—"Coming Modes," the New Fashion Magazine, is  
great! Get it from your Newsagent or send 12 stamps  
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Range Nuts 18s. 6d. (Coke per sack) 1s. 3d.  
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## BIRTHS.

FOSTER—On Nov. 8, at the Cottage, Farnham, the  
wife of William A. J. Foster, of a daughter.

WIND-SMITH—On Nov. 8, at Oakhurst, Shortlands,  
the wife of W. Wind-Smith, of a daughter.

HOOD—On the 5th inst., at Broom Lodge, Webridge,  
Surrey, the wife of W. Hood, of a son.

WRIGHT—On the 7th inst., at The Beeches, Hampton-  
Arden, the wife of J. Leslie Wright, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

IRWIN-THIMM—On Nov. 6, at St. Lucia, West Indies,  
by the Rev. Canon of the Diocese, the son of Rev. B. Irwin,  
B.A. of Ballinacorney, Ireland, to Muriel Garnet, daughter  
of F. K. Thimm, Esq., of London.

LONG-PRICE—CHURCHILL—On Nov. 7, at Kurnee,  
Price, of Valley House, Llandudno, N.W., the daughter of  
the late John Fleming Churchill, D.P.W., Esq., to Miss  
Price, daughter of the late John Fleming Churchill, D.P.W., Esq., of London.

## DEATHS.

ALLEN—On the 5th inst., at New York, Philip Allen,  
fourth son of the late Major R. S. Allen, of Bathampton,  
Somerset, aged 50.

DE BERENGER DE BEAUFAYN—On Oct. 30, at 52,  
Narcissus-road, West Hampstead, London, N.W., Raymond  
Leonard Baron de Berenger de Beaufayn, aged 81,  
eldest surviving son of Lieut.-Col. Baron de Berenger de  
Beaufayn.

HUTTON—On the 8th inst., at The Cedars, Sunderland,  
Thomas George Hutton, in his 77th year.

WILLIAMS—On the 7th inst., at Campden Hill, Kensington,  
Ellen, widow of the late Mr. Herbert Williams.

## NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices  
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the Daily Mirror  
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upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a  
stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be  
addressed plainly to the Editors, The Daily Mirror,  
2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Con-  
tribution" on the outside envelope.

The  
Daily Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1903.

ENGLISH MEN AND  
AMERICAN WIVES.

By ARTHUR MEE.

BEFORE the century is out," Lord  
Palmerston exclaimed one day  
over forty years ago, "these clever and  
pretty women from New York will pull the  
strings in half the chances of Europe."

Long before the Duke of Roxburghe saw  
Miss Goethe the prophecy had come true.  
The "clever and pretty American woman"  
has conquered half the earth. One, at  
least, has sat upon a throne, another at this  
moment shares the splendours of Vice-  
royalty over one-fifth of the human race,  
and it is a remarkable thing, surely, that four  
of the most eminent figures in this genera-  
tion of English politics have been men who  
married American women.

Mr. Choate must have thought again and  
again of the pretty farewell speech with  
which he sent Lord Houghton back to  
England twenty-eight years ago next week  
but one. Lord Houghton had paid tribute  
to the wit and beauty of American women,  
and "had we supposed it possible," said  
Mr. Choate, "that a peer of England would  
be open to those tender influences we might  
have surrounded him with such a glittering  
array of loveliness as would have set his  
'poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling.'"

That was all but thirty years ago, and  
from that day to this peers of England have  
made it clear that the heart of the Old  
Nobility is not closed against the tenderest  
influences that can come from the West.

The prophecy of Lord Palmerston has  
come almost literally true. Where is the  
diplomatic circle which has not its fair Amer-  
ican? Even to Washington, within the last  
few years, an Ambassador from London and  
another from Berlin have taken with them  
American wives to look after their American  
guests, and at Vienna and The Hague our  
Ambassadors have followed their example.

And was it not at a British Legation, dur-  
ing diplomatic negotiations, that Mr. Cham-  
berlain met his wife? As Lord Playfair,  
breakfasting at an hotel at The Hague, first  
set his eyes on the Boston girl who was to be-  
come his wife in Boston three years later, so  
Mr. Chamberlain met Miss Endicott acci-  
dentally at a social gathering in Washington.

There was something specially happy in  
his homecoming, when he brought home, as  
he said, "two treats." "I had my secret  
document as well as the public document,  
with which you are all familiar," said Mr.  
Chamberlain, "and I am glad to say that  
even the august Senate of the United States  
had nothing to say to my private negotia-  
tions."

He had done his best, he told his Birm-  
ingham friends, to persuade his wife to give  
up her own nationality and become an  
Englishwoman. But he had failed, though  
he knew that "she is prepared to take up  
her life among us, in this country to which  
she has come, in all its fulness, and that she  
will say, with Ruth of old, 'Thy people shall  
be my people.'"

There was an odd scene one day at  
Windsor Castle, when a French Ambassa-  
dador was presented to Queen Victoria by  
the wife of the British Home Secretary,  
and both women, as Sir W. Harcourt  
pointed out to the Queen, were Americans!

A ridiculous Senator from Texas has  
moved for a tax on "foreign marriages";  
but it is a madman's dream. "The chief

exports of America," a political skit de-  
clares, "are chestnuts and housewives,  
both of excellent quality," and whatever  
may be done concerning chestnuts, not even  
Mr. Chamberlain himself will ever allow  
Protection against the housewives.

## IN DEFENCE OF BLOOMSBURY.

By E. MEREDITH CARTWRIGHT.

LIKE other London districts, Blooms-  
bury has its faults, but I cannot see  
why every novelist and short-story writer  
should fasten upon it as the natural dwell-  
ing-place of hero and heroine in their poverty-  
stricken days, and gaily move them into  
some more favoured spot (Park-lane gener-  
ally), when the inevitable fortune arrives!

"They lived in a tall, gloomy house in  
Bloomsbury, that, like themselves, had seen  
better days."

"He let himself into his dingy Blooms-  
bury lodging."

"They were reduced to their present dwell-  
ing, a shabby Bloomsbury flat."

"She rented a miserable room in a small  
dull street in Bloomsbury."

"Father and daughter had hidden them-  
selves in a cheap lodging-house in Blooms-  
bury, where the soiled tablecloth, broken  
knives, etc." Thus the romancers, and  
even the comic singer chimes in with depre-  
ciatory mention of his "little back room in  
Bloomsbury."

It is time some protest were made. We,  
who live in this despised area, are ready to  
aver that, search any given city, you cannot  
find a brighter, more cheerful district.

We are in the very heart of London, yet  
we have thirteen squares within five minutes'  
walk, their gardens handsomely laid out and  
well kept, with trees—lime, beech, and  
plane—some of centuries' growth, that can-  
not be excelled in any park in England.

We have the spacious grounds of the  
Foundling Hospital, and we get the health-  
ful breezes from London's northern heights  
—a view of which can be seen from the  
summits of our high buildings.

Our houses, spacious and well built, are  
tenanted by Judges, lawyers, merchants,  
actor-managers, literary men, and other pro-  
sperous folk. Our palatial hotels, smart  
boarding-houses, handsome and expensive  
flats are thronged with visitors, many of them  
American. And they are the chief sinners.  
Most of the above extracts are culled from  
Transatlantic books and stories. Why can-  
not the authors locate their shady charac-  
ters in Bayswater or Battersea?

It is "real mean" of them, considering  
they come in crowds every year, and invari-  
ably make despised and dingy Bloomsbury  
their headquarters, and leave, praising their  
entertainment, and in love with the neigh-  
bourhood, because it is so cheerful and cen-  
tral—"next door to all the theatres,  
churches, the Abbey, St. Paul's, etc." Then  
they go home, and write rude things about  
us!

Even our poorer quarters have not the  
ugly, squalid appearance of other districts;  
you shall find arched doorways, curved  
balusters and Adams's mantelpieces and  
pillars in some of the houses which were  
once occupied by the noble and wealthy.

For we have a Past. We are proud of it,  
and some of our American cousins are  
proud also.

"I love to walk in Bloomsbury," said an  
American visitor. "The great dead rise up  
again in their old haunts and walk with me.  
I am in Gray's Inn Gardens with Bacon,  
whose noble thoughts still echo in our litera-  
ture. I wait with the crowd in Lamb's  
Conduit Fields to see Handel leaving the  
Foundling Chapel, and with the 'Messiah'  
score in his hand, get into his sedan chair.  
Later, I see Charles Dickens come from his  
house in Doughty-street. In Guilford-street  
he meets Thackeray; they walk together into  
Russell-square, where Charles Lamb, gentle  
stutterer, joins them, stammering out his  
latest witticism to his appreciative friends."

We have our hours of rest in Bloomsbury.  
In the evening and on Sunday, when the  
heavy traffic ceases, it is all quiet save for  
the Foundling children singing their evening  
hymn, and the whispering of the leaves in  
the great elm opposite. The bird life in  
its graceful branches can be studied as if we  
were one hundred miles from London's roar.

It is pleasant to think how many of the  
world's great workers—men and women who  
have helped to solve the difficult problem of  
how to live, and yet let others live—have  
felt the soothing influence of birds, and  
whispering leaves, and the children's even-  
ing hymn in Bloomsbury.

## OUR CELEBRITIES.

FROM A FEMININE STANDPOINT.

No. 2.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has never been  
what is sometimes rather absurdly de-  
scribed as a "ladies' man," but he possesses  
many virtues that appeal to the feminine  
heart. He does not attract in the sense that  
Mr. Wyndham, for instance, is attractive. And  
he is not a bachelor.

In this respect at least he is at a disad-  
vantage compared with the Prime Minister. Mr.  
Balfour is still a possible parti, and, if the  
truth were told, there is always some decline  
of interest in the feminine mind when a popu-  
lar hero has become the definite property of  
some other woman.

## The Great Fighter.

Mr. Chamberlain attracts because he is a  
fighter. Women love most in men the quali-  
ties they do not possess themselves. Courage,  
energy, the power of command, the ability to  
subdue other men's minds to one's own will—  
these are the qualities of the great soldier, and  
Mr. Chamberlain possesses them in a  
degree far above that of any other English  
statesman.

He rules in the great world of public affairs  
to which intellectual women look with long-  
ing but hopeless eyes. How many a girl has  
wished she had been born a boy that she  
might go out into the world to fight—either  
on the battlefield or in the field of politics!

## A Political Romance.

Some people are born, as we say, with silver  
spoons in their mouths. Birth brings them  
wealth, and an assured position in the po-  
litical world. They are half-way up the ladder  
before other men have begun to climb. Mr.  
Chamberlain has made his own fortunes. It  
was a far cry from the Mayor's parlour at Bir-  
mingham to the Colonial Office, and what  
looks like the virtual control of the Conserva-  
tive Party.

Mr. Chamberlain's political romance is not  
less wonderful than that of David. In either  
case personal genius has triumphed over diffi-  
culties that might have been regarded as in-  
superable. In either case the aristocratic ring  
that still surrounds the Government of our  
country has been broken through, and the  
interloper has come to rule the rulers them-  
selves. Dick Whittington's story is nothing  
compared with that of Joseph Chamberlain.

## Home Life.

Perhaps the cup of Mr. Chamberlain's am-  
bition is not yet full. Who can say? Many  
think that he is to be the next Prime Minister,  
and that Mr. Balfour will not object. The  
almost affectionate relations existing between  
the two men deserve special notice, but there  
is only room here to touch on Mr. Cham-  
berlain's domestic relations. He is happy in a  
wife of rare grace and charm, an American  
lady.

Little is known of the domestic life at  
Highbury—and this is as it should be—but  
the little that has been told redounds alto-  
gether to the credit of the statesman and his  
family. Just as Mrs. Gladstone was the best  
and most helpful colleague Mr. Gladstone  
ever had, so is Mrs. Chamberlain her hus-  
band's chief auxiliary. And for a matter of  
action Mr. Chamberlain's tastes are peculiarly  
those of the home. He is a master gardener,  
and the famous orchid of daily use typifies  
one side of a complex character. The world  
was astonished when a recent interview dis-  
closed the apostle of fiscal change engaged,  
not in mastering the statistics of trade or in  
planning attacks on his opponents, but in  
arranging a new garden-bed:

"As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot."

## The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

When Mr. Gladstone praised Mr. Austen  
Chamberlain's maiden speech in the House  
of Commons it is said that Mr. Chamberlain  
was visibly affected. There is something  
fascinating in the love of the fearless, ruthless  
gladiator of politics for his eldest son.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is in many things  
the antithesis of his father. The wheels  
of advancement have been greased for him,  
and without a personal effort on his part  
has reached a nominally greater position  
than his father, the King of Scots, whose  
success in life nobility grudges. He is also  
one of the bachelors of politics, and a  
Chancellor of the Exchequer is entitled to  
look high.

## A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 11.—There was a wedding  
and a coronation at Westminster on  
this day in the last year of the twelfth  
century. At one solemn ceremony Matilda,  
daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots,  
became first wife of Henry I. and Queen  
of England.

Through her marriage the Confessor's  
dream came true and Adam's prophecy  
of the grafting of the "green tree" was  
fulfilled.

She wielded, too, great power in England,  
so that one who yet lived in her own time  
declared that "the goodness that she did  
here to England cannot all be here written,  
nor by any man understood."

"She was a warm patroness," so we are  
told, "of verse and song; she gave liberally  
to musical clerks, scholars, poets, and  
strangers of all sorts, who were drawn to  
her Court by the fame of her bounty, and  
who spread her praises far and wide."  
Yet as a child she had trembled under the  
rod of an aunt who tormented her with  
"sharp blows and shameful words," and  
who, had she had her way, would, and  
made of Matilda an unknown nun, whose  
name in the history of the world would  
never have been written.





# The Hour-Glass OF FASHION



## FASHIONABLE FOIBLES.

### SOME UNIQUE JEWELS.

THE same desire for originality appears in jewellery as in wearing apparel, but it is more difficult to satisfy. For strange jewellery is apt to look barbaric or outré, though this can hardly be said of the new tourmaline stones which are strung with rough pearls into most effective muff chains, necklaces, and bracelets. Tourmaline is seen in both green and pink, the former being the more desirable, and it resembles nothing so much as differently coloured small rounded lumps of amber.

### The Latest Thing in Opals.

Some new and exquisite jewellery in opals has appeared within the last few days. These matchless stones are being set in opal matrix, which, as the name suggests, is the mother-stone or bedrock where the more precious mineral is found. It is a hard, dark substance, and the manner in which it is utilised is a secret in the possession of one firm; but it makes an ideal background to the red and green lights of the opals, which are closely set in balls of it strung together with slender golden chains to form bangles or necklets. The idea is also carried out in the very quaintest tie-pins with little heads carved in opal and the draperies in the matrix; while a small heart of rather greeny opals forms a charming pendant. In spite of this being without doubt somewhat of a superstitious age, any fear of the ill-luck of opals does not seem to detract from this popularity. It is a fact that, whereas we credit opals with the power to bring misfortune and moonstones with a capacity to bless the wearer, in the East the reverse superstition holds that it is opals which are lucky and moonstones unlucky. So we will trust that the discrepancy neutralises the evil effects of one of the most beautiful stones.

### More about Furs.

Fur is taking so serious a part in the wardrobe of the fashionable, and is becoming an article of such scarcity, in consequence, that there is real danger for the life of the fur-clad quadruped. It is long since fur was used simply as a protection against cold. It has come to be taken as a fabric and handled as such, being ruffled, draped, or cut into strips for the trimming of anything from an evening hat to a lace petticoat. The really beautiful, the precious furs, are becoming more and more difficult to secure. Breitch-wanz is almost unprocurable, and it is the same with chinchilla, while ermine within the last fifteen months has become quintupled in value. A Russian sable skin costs to-day 2,500 francs, sables from Kamtschatka, which are equally fine, and the less sought after skins from China and Japan cost even more. The supply of black and blue fox skins are sought in vain in anything like the numbers demanded, and they remain very expensive. A cloak in ermine, trimmed with long hands of Venetian lace, which was not real — one of

Paquin's most attractive models for a theatre-cloak—costs 6,000 francs.

### Imitations.

Naturally, this state of things makes the imitation of furs, or the invention of new ones, necessary—by invention is meant bringing into fashion a cheap fur, like the squirrel of last season, which serves its purpose for a winter, and then makes room for another. Nothing is seen of squirrel this season, and moleskin is taking its place as a novelty. This

fur, of a peculiar and pleasing dark drabish colour, is not by any means cheap at present, but it is not an extravagant pelt, and may be had in sufficient quantity to fulfil fashion's demands. Otter is also very fashionable and is used largely for long fur garments.

As for the furs for sporting wear, the goat skins and calf skins, the lynx and other rough furs, that last winter were worn for motor-ing, these will still be called into hard service, but only as linings.

## MORE PERSUASIONS FROM PARIS.

A DELIGHTFUL detail not generally known with regard to Miss Goelet's bridal attire is the fashion in which the wreath and voluminous veil of white tulle were disposed. The wreath was worn over the veil, so that when the latter was thrown back it was raised by the wreath, and was so deftly manoeuvred as to frame the face in a halo of diaphanous mist, while two large roses, independent of the wreath, were set just above either temple.

### A Regal Toilette.

Yet another triumph of the great "Worth" was the toilette worn by the mother of the bride. This a perfectly regal affair of palest tender green, the shade that is seen in swiftly-flowing water, with magnificent cape collar of old Venetian point, embroidered with rare pearls, and laid over silver gauze tissue, the hem of the full skirt bordered by the same jewelled lace. Her toque "Marie Antoinette" genre, of pansy-coloured velvet, carried a great cluster of shaded white and mauve tips floating upwards; the stems held by a brooch of diamonds. The completing note to this exquisite attire being found in a glorious pelisse of a curious purple pink mousseline velvet, with deep loose bolero and sleeves of spotless ermine and old yellow lace.

### At Autouil.

Yesterday, at Autouil, there was a brilliant meeting of sportsmen and mondaines. It was a glorious day, fresh enough to make the huge braziers agreeable gathering places, but with a lingering mildness that gave elegant women an excuse to defer still longer the wearing of cumbersome wraps, and to put their trust in the warming powers of the graceful stoles of fur that slide in such enchanting lines about the shoulders and arms.

### A Beautiful Cream Mousseline Velvet.

The gathering was distinguished by the preponderance of leaders of the most aristocratic French circles, to the exclusion of the sensational beauties of the theatrical world. There were sensations enough, however, one being upon the appearance of Mme. Henri Letellier, whose beautiful oval face and swan throat are well known to art lovers through the dry-point of Helleu, and whose type has, in consequence, become a criterion of elegance. She glided over the gravel in front of the tribune, lifting a robe of cream mousseline velvet, slightly gathered at the waist, and bordered with ermine spotted with tails, a quantity of white lace and mousseline flounces filling in the space about her high boots of creamy kid, buttoned with black, and trimmed with black patent leather. About her shoulders there hung a shawl wrap of chinchilla fur, cravat with ermine, and her delicious face was framed in the long drapery of a fine black lace veil, which was thrown back over a flaring 1890 capeline of black taffeta. The veil was an immense affair of black tulle, with deep lace on its edges, and the hat was trimmed otherwise only with some satin ribbon in hortensia pink, a rosette tucked under the brim at one side, and strings of it oddly arranged. One string, for example, was very short, and hung from the back, knotted and fastened to the coiffure at one side, its pointed end reaching the choker. The other string was carried loosely about, its end knotting and fixed with a brooch to the bust inside the loosely-tied ermine cravat.

### A Great Personage.

Her coiffure was most beautiful with its knot of rose pink at one side, and its loose and richly-undulated French twist was arranged obliquely, so that her comb of large, amber-coloured tortoiseshell beads crossed the head obliquely from nape to hat-brim.

Princess Orloff was another personage very much remarked, with her magnificent sables and pearls about shoulders and throat, a hat of shirred brown tulle wreathed with gold dahlias, and a brown velvet gown loaded with brown mousseline puffs. I noticed with admiration her boots of brown kid, which had lacings up the front and a narrow band of tiny perforations in a minute lattice on each side of the eyelets, which dressed the foot admirably.

In an 1860 gown of changeable mauve taffeta was Mme. Martin-Dupray, many tiny lines of chinchilla mingling with its shirred ruffles and puffs, and a stole and muff of the same fur making a charming harmony of delicate colour—such a huge barrel-shaped muff it was with hoops of mauve velvet ribbon breaking at places into bunches of long loops, a bunch of orchids on top, and mauve and grey mousseline in tiny shirrings and long puffs foaming from the inside. Her pastel felt hat was trimmed with a chinchilla skin, laid about like a scarf, and with purple grapes and silver leaves, its long mauve plume arranged in the fashion so much favoured at present, its stem attached with a jewel to one side, its rib curving about the head below the back of the hat.



Miss Goelet's wedding gown, a beautiful creation of M. Worth, carried out in white chiffon over soft satin, with deep flounces on the bodice and skirt of point d'Angleterre, and a large square of the same lovely lace arranged with one corner at the waist and the remainder flowing over the short train at the back. The sleeves have voluminous draperies of chiffon caught at the wrist into lace cuffs, and the simple yoke is of the same soft material, narrowly tucked to a V in front. The flowers used are orange blossoms, hawthorn and myrtle.







# An Inexpensive Opera Wrap: To-day's Shopping.

No. 5.  
SULPHUR  
CREPE  
CORSAGE.



## HOW TO PLAN AN INEXPENSIVE OPERA WRAP.

**A**MONG the items which may be written down as absolutely essential to every woman's wardrobe, whether she live in or out of town, is distinctly an evening wrap of some sort. At the present time, fashion very kindly lends herself to renovations and repairs, and the result achieved with a last winter's garment is often both surprising and gratifying.

### The Old Mother Hubbard Order.

An exceedingly chic and up-to-date evening coat has just been contrived from one which had already seen four years' honourable service. Now, remodelled and re-made by its clever wearer, it has taken on a fresh and glorified lease of life, and its advent is everywhere greeted with admiring comment, a compliment that was not paid it in early youth. In those far-off days it was a full-length coat of rich black brocade, of the Mother Hubbard order, and was openly derided by the sisters of its owner as "frumpish." Nothing daunted, when taking stock of her sartorial possessions this season she determined that the material was far too handsome to be turned into a petticoat yet awhile, so, with the assistance of the home dressmaker, she set to work.

### Clever Treatment of Sleeves.

Initially she removed the faded pink lining, and with the scissors soon converted the brocade into a three-quarter coat of most graceful shape. The back tapers to a rounded point, the front sloping up to the throat after the manner of a quaint, old-world pelerine, edged as the way with a graduated flounce of itself. The tight sleeves she ripped open as far as the elbow, from which now falls a cascade of three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, the cuffs turning back to show the doublure of vivid-flamed coloured glacé. Then she added a deep cape of the plissé black chiffon, run with triple lines of velvet ribbon, beneath a tulle cape of tucked and spotted écarle net and lace insertion, each point of which is topped with a small silk tassel, below the chin and above two large choux of black chiffon flilly edged with black velvet ribbon. Both useful and ornamental is a sac coat of the cloth which plays one rôle in the day

and another at night, being so planned that it can be worn as a street or travelling garment, and when the shades of evening fall adapt itself to a cape of ermine plush, edged with white chenille fringe, and bearing two stole ends of the same effective plush trimmel at the bottom with fringe, the throat fastening with a dull silver clasp studded with rubies.

### Best Possible Taste.

Always in the best possible taste, a long coat of black faced cloth has much to commend it, particularly for theatre goers whom distance compels to travel by Underground Railway. Very elegant is one of this description which would not seem too elaborate in the train, and yet appear quite presentable in the stalls of a theatre. Semi-fitting behind, it is loose in front, and possesses a large rolled collar and revers of sapphire-blue velvet, piped with silver cord, which cross over below the bust and fasten with a single big diamond button. Or equally practical is a coat of drab cloth which boasts a short bolero of moleskin plush and stoles to the ground bordered with plaited almond-green taffetas.

### Coats of Flowered Brocade.

Capes are slowly, but surely, coming back to favour; but these do not keep one so warm on a cold, draughty night as does a coat with sleeves. The most approved shape displays a deep point behind and curves up in front. One of this kind, which falsely gives the impression of being extremely costly, is contrived from flowered brocade. The upper portion consists of an empiecement, heart shaped at the back, and rounded in front, of green velvet, a broad band outlining the shoulders of silver grey plush, which describes a V, behind, and supports a frill of coffee-coloured lace; the body and the cape being composed of brocade, finished with a border of plush, and a lace flounce. This same style looks well in white cloth, the bottom cut in an extreme point behind and before, and in shallower ones at the sides, decked with pendant tassels, and outlined by three graduated rouleaux of emerald panne, a second cape, to the elbows, of écarle guipure, powdered with emeralds and small diamonds.

### FROM CHINA.

The girl fortunate enough to possess a brother in the Navy, now stationed in the Far East, will do well to suggest to him that a Mandarin coat would make a most acceptable

Christmas offering; for of all the quaint and fascinating wraps that exist none quite equals in charm the garment worked by the skilful fingers of those almond-eyed ladies for some highly born and highly placed China man.

## NO. 5.—A DAINTY DEMI-TOILETTE CORSAGE.

This is in effect an extremely smart creation, yet of such simple construction that it is well within the powers of the home dress-maker. It is carried out in a sulphur coloured crêpe de Chine, with an empiecement of ochre lace insertion coming in a cross in front. The fulness of the sleeves is gathered in an original manner into a deep gauntlet of lace, from which falls a full ruffle. The empiecement is outlined by three wide tucks. The outer one is edged with a very smart chenille ball fringe. Soft satin ribbon makes the neat ceinture.

The materials required are 2½ yards of crêpe de Chine, three yards of lace, one and a half yards of insertion, and two yards of ball fringe. Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3½d.

## "DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carnet House, Carnet Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.

## TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

### ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE TIME

Not only have the styles immensely improved of late years from the artistic point of view, but the advance has been just as great on the common-sense side. The serious importance of clothing the body with due warmth is taken more and more into consideration, and a most helpful auxiliary in this wise step has been the introduction of the popular viyella flannel. At one time what woman would have dreamed of wearing a blouse made of flannel? And now who, being the possessor also of wisdom, is without a good selection?

The patterns and styles of this charming material vary with each season—spots, and stripes, and checks, and floral designs, and plain flannels in the most exquisite shades, to suit the most fastidious taste. Then, too, for underwear it has proved an equal boon, and those who have once felt the utter comfort of slipping into lovely, warm flannel night-wear will never be induced to return to the cold comfort of nainsook in winter months; while for children's wear flannel, thanks to the influence of common sense, is in great requisition, being made up into dainty white or pale-coloured frocks, excellent little sleeping suits, and pretty petticoats.

### BARGAINS OF THE DAY.

At Unwin and Albert's, 17, Regent-street. Excellent tresses of hair for 7s. 6d.; these are exceptional value.

Messrs. Whiteleys, Westbourne-grove, are making a special offer of an English manufacturer's collection of beautiful cut and engraved glass. The prices are phenomenally low, and the occasion altogether exceptional.

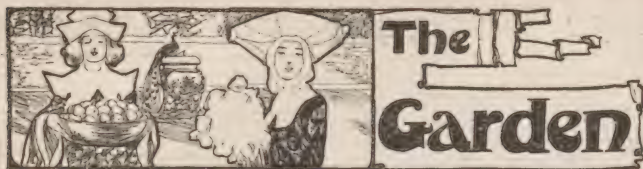
Hart's, 184-186, Regent-street, are making their famed patent cycling skirt in suitable materials for two guineas.

## ... A ... PRETTY, PRACTICAL STREET COSTUME.

In biscuit coloured cloth, with empiecement and cuffs of velvet in a darker shade, a recherche touch being given by the belt and tie in palest blue silk with lines of embroidered black silk spots.







### Shrub and Tree Planting in Winter.

EXCEPT in the most brick-bound of town gardens the present is the time which is most suitable for the planting of trees and shrubs. And in this planting it is curious to note how, season after season, the same conventional lines are followed.

If Count Smolitor, who was introduced to Mr. Pickwick at Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party, were among us to-day, making notes for a big book on British horticulture, he would probably chronicle "Shrubs—laurels, privets, rhododendrons," and consider that he had exhausted the list.

Nor would he be far wrong. The rhododendrons certainly earn their place for the masses of beautiful bloom of many shades they give us during the spring and early summer months; but why this irritating recurrence of laurel and privet?

#### All Devouring Laurel.

Even in the best of gardens, capable of growing the choicest of shrubs, great clumps of them are found, choking everything else out of the earth and devouring every atom of nourishment in the soil; while in town and suburban grounds few people who garden appear to have heard of anything else in the way of shrubs. Perhaps some day we may get an "Elizabeth and her town garden," or a metropolitan "Mrs. Earle or Miss Jekyll will arise and help to put things on a different footing; but, in the meantime, it cannot be denied that the culture of trees and shrubs is very much neglected, save in the gardens attached to the seats of the mighty that are owned by garden lovers.

There is no reason for this, except that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart," and the lack of originality that exists, particularly in recently-formed gardens surrounding new houses, is due in a great measure to gardeners copying what already exists in neighbouring establishments without a thought of attempting innovations.

#### For Early Blossoms.

For present planting—except in the sour, poor soils of large towns, when the operation is best deferred till the spring—there is a wealth of evergreen shrubs. Kalmias, which give a wealth of pink or red blossoms from May to July, will grow wherever rhododendrons live. Olearia Haasti, which looks like a small box, has pretty little white flowers in July and August; Gaultheria Shallon, Cistus ladaniferus, Arbutus, Crategus pyracantha,

Choisyra ternata, Garrya elliptica, Veronicas, and Eucynus are just a few that suggest themselves among the shrubs, while it is a wonder that tree lovers have forgotten the Mulberry as they have done.

#### The Neglected Mulberry.

Wherever a tree is wanted on a lawn, in town or country, opportunity should be taken to plant a Mulberry. The black variety (Morus nigra) thrives well in such smoke-stricken districts as Chelsea and Brixton, and, apart from its ornamental value, is valuable for the crop of delicious fruit it bears in the autumn. One of the reasons given for the neglect of the Mulberry is the fact that the tender fruit drops from the tree when ripe, and stains the paths or pavements, but, where planted in grass, this difficulty is entirely obviated, as the soft turf prevents the berries from being injured in any way, and so they may be picked up from the ground in good condition.

#### Town Planting.

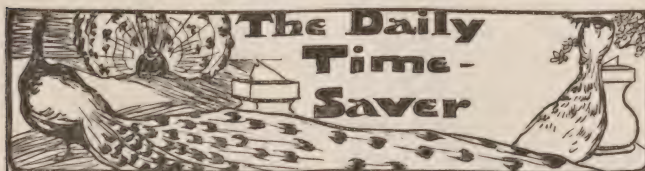
Hawthorns are usually forgotten in town planting, and so are the Sumachs, Ailanthus, Mock Orange, False Acacia, and the Syrian Hibiscus. Brick walls and wooden fences have rendered hedging superfluous in most town gardens, but even where it is necessary how rarely is the Sweet Briar employed for such a purpose! Yet it is quite suitable.

In planting shrubs, the orthodox method of digging a hole, cramming the roots in, and stamping the whole mass down with the feet is not recommended. Make the hole fairly deep, certainly, but make it wide, and spread the roots out well, before covering over with earth, firmly but not too tightly. As the ground all over the country is in such a cold, wet state, a little fern or straw on the surface is of great value.

### PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cooking recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard, and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 12.



#### PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

**Fish.**  
Smelts. Sprats. Soles.  
Mackerel. Halibut. Flounders.  
Cod. Brill. Eels.  
Dublin Prawns. Lobsters. Oysters.  
**Game and Poultry.**  
Black and Golden Pheasants.  
Hares. Leverets. Wild Duck. Teal.  
Snipe. Wildgeese. Quails.  
Venison. Chickens. Ducks.  
Geese. Pigeons.  
**Meat.**  
Beef. Veal. Pork.  
Welsh Mutton.  
**Vegetables.**  
Asparagus. Carrots. Swedes.  
Tomatoes. Batavia. Celery. Chicory.  
Artichokes. Turnips. Salsify.  
Onions. Beetroot. Chervil. Watercress.

#### FRUIT IN SEASON.

Pears. Doyenne du Comice, stewing and Avocado.  
Californian Plums. Limes. Bananas.  
Grapes. Green Ginger. Nuts.  
Lychees. Apples. Grape Fruit.  
Oranges of all kinds.

#### FLOWERS IN SEASON.

**Blossoms for the Table.**  
Pink, Yellow, White, and Bronze  
Chrysanthemums.  
Maiden Hair Fern.  
Mixed Autumn Foliage.  
Tuber Roses. Violets.  
Small White Double Dahlias.  
Merry Bells.  
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.  
Arum Lilies. Lilium Harrisii.  
Marguerites. Pink Hydrangeas.  
Spiraeas. Small Bay Trees.

### THE DISH OF THE DAY.

#### No. 9.—POULARDE AU REUR.

By M. VICTOR HERPIN, Chef, Claridge's Hotel.

Divide the poularde into five parts, and set them to steep in cold water for fifteen minutes; treat the pinions, etc., in the same way; drain them, and put all into a casserole; fill, to cover the poularde, with water, to which two wine-glasses of white wine have been added; add salt, pepper, the juice of a lemon and parures de champignons; set to boil, and add bouquet garni.

Prepare separately a sauce Nantua, some Madeleine Royales aux truffes, some hard-boiled yolks of eggs au beurre, and some quenelles de volaille ordinaires.

Let the liquor of the poularde reduce to a glaze, and incorporate it with the sauce Nantua.

Serve the poularde in a deep dish; surround with the Madeleine Royales, quenelles, and yolks of eggs; pour sauce over all.

Place a slice of truffe on each white quenelle, and serve with steamed potatoes and what remains of the sauce.

#### Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Monday evening.

### SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

#### No. 15.—KIDNEY OMELET.

INGREDIENTS.—Four eggs, two sheep's kidneys, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, quarter of a teaspoonful of chopped shallot, salt, pepper.

Skin and core the kidneys, cut each side into about eight pieces. Melt half the butter in a sauté pan, put in the kidneys and shallot, and toss them about in the butter till they are cooked.

Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks till frothy, and add to them the parsley, salt and pepper, and the cooked kidneys.

Whip the whites to a very stiff froth, stir them lightly to the yolks. Melt the rest of the butter in the omelet pan. Let it become very hot but not brown. Pour in the egg mixture, and put the pan over a sharp fire for about two minutes. Next put it into a quick oven till the omelet is a delicate brown.

Fold one half over the other, and serve at once.

Cost 1s. 1d. for three portions.

#### No. 16.—LOBSTER CUTLETS IN ASPIC.

INGREDIENTS.—One good-sized lobster, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one gill of cold water, salt, pepper, nutmeg, truffle, aspic jelly, salad, mayonnaise dressing.

Remove all the flesh from the lobster and chop it. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the flour to it. Pour in the water and stir over the fire till it boils.

Mix into this panada the chopped lobster and season it rather highly. If there is any "corn" or spaw in the lobster add it, as it greatly improves the colour.

Put the lobster mixture on a plate and let it cool. Divide it into small oval-shaped cutlets. Put these on a flat tin or dish and decorate the tops of each with a pretty design in cut truffle. Set these decorations with a little melted aspic. When these are set pour into the tin enough melted aspic jelly to just cover the cutlets. Allow them to stand till the jelly is set.

Then with an oval cutter cut out each cutlet from the surrounding jelly. Arrange them tastefully on a bed of salad mixed with some of the mayonnaise salad dressing.

Cost 4s. for ten portions.

#### No. 17.—BATH MIDGETS.

INGREDIENTS.—One and a half pounds of flour, four ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of loaf sugar, one egg, half a pound of butter, three ounces of candied peel, three ounces of glacé cherries, one grated lemon rind, one ounce of yeast, three gills of buttermilk or sour milk, a pinch of salt.

Warm the milk till it is tepid, and mix it with the eggs after beating them. Cream the yeast with a teaspoonful of the castor sugar, and stir gradually into it the eggs and milk.

Mix the flour and salt in a basin. Rub the butter into the flour, add the castor sugar, lemon rind, the peel coarsely chopped, and the cherries cut in halves. Stir all together, add the yeast and milk, beat them well in and cover the basin.

Stand it in a warm part of the kitchen for the contents to rise for about one and a half hours.

Put aside enough of the loaf sugar to sprinkle over the tops later on. Knead the dough for a few minutes, working in the rest of the loaf sugar.

Make the mixture up into small heaps, and place them on a greased tin.

Allow these buns to rise till about half as large again, then bake them for about ten minutes in a sharp oven.

Cost 1s. 3d. for two dozen buns.

#### No. 18.—OYSTERS A LA FAVORITE.

INGREDIENTS.—One good-sized potato for every two persons, two and a half dozen oysters for six persons, two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, three tablespoonfuls of good white sauce, one raw egg, one dozen prawns.

Peel the potatoes and shape them neatly. Cut them in halves lengthways, and use that they will stand evenly, with the inner cut surface uppermost. Stand them in a buttered tin, and bake in a quick oven till they are tender, but not broken. Then scoop out some of the inside, so as to leave an oval potato case. Boil the oysters, and cut them in halves. Heat the sauce and cream, put in the oysters to heat but not to boil, add any liquor from them, and season well. Brush the potato cases out with butter egg. Fill in the centres of the cases with the oyster mixture. Sprinkle the mixture thickly with chopped prawns. Put the potatoes in a fire-proof dish. Make them very hot and serve at once.

Cost 3s. 3d. for six portions.

### A CHOICE OF DISHES.

#### BREAKFAST.

Rolled Herrings with Mustard Sauce.  
Kidney Omelet. Egg Rissoles.  
Collared Head. Grilled Ham.  
Bannocks.

#### LUNCH.

\*Lobster Cutlets in Aspic.  
Curried Eggs with Spaghetti. Crêpe Soup.  
Haricot Beans with Tomato Sauce.  
Sandwiches of Lyonsaise Symp.

Buckwheat Cakes with Maple Syrup.  
Apples à l'Adelaide.  
**COLD DISHES.**

Wild Duck. Galantine of Veal.  
Raised Hare Pie.  
**TEA.**

Hot Wheatmeal Scones.  
\*Bath Midgets. Bâle Leckell.  
Walnut Layer Cake.

#### DINNER.

\*Oxtail Soup. Julienne Soup.  
**Fish.**

Whitebait. \*Oysters à la Favorite.  
**Entrées.**

Compôte of Pigeons.  
Vol-au-Vent of Sweetbread.  
**Roasts.**

Fillot of Veal with Piquante Sauce.  
Saddle of Mutton.  
**Game.**

Chartreuse of Pheasant.  
Roast Snipe with Bigarade Sauce.  
**Vegetables.**

Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hôtel.  
Seakale with Hollandaise Sauce.  
**Sweets.**

Chestnut Cream.  
Baked Chocolate Pudding with Meringue.  
Savoury.  
Stuffed Olives.  
**Ice.**

Strawberry Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

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Our Feuilleton.

# Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

## CHAPTER XI. Continued.

LORD CLOWES pursed his lips still tighter, and looked from father to son with a sternly meaning glance. He was not ill-natured, by intention, and he did not realise how entirely misplaced was his conversation in the presence of a man who was only just recovering from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He disapproved of many things in Sir John's life, and he thought it his duty to say so; that was all. He had always disapproved of him, of the reckless youth who had gone out to Australia after quarrelling with his family, of the man in his prime who had come back to take up his dead father's position. He had looked with horror upon the peaceful pursuits of his kinsman in the days when Sir John's life had been devoted to research among the beautiful remains of antiquity. He had called it a godless existence that could lead to no good. But he looked with still greater horror upon the religion that his kinsman had embraced. He himself was a well-known Churchman of the Low Evangelical School, and so great was his intolerance that he preferred the frank irreligion of Sir John's son to the profession of faith in which the old man had sought and found peace for his soul. To him the term "Papist" still bore the stigma of the days "before men had recognised that in all creeds there is beauty and truth, and that it is no matter what faith a man professes as long as it helps him to lead a better life."

Philip was determined to change the conversation. That shadow on his father's face might have meant nothing, or it might be the beginning of the end. Perhaps he was beginning to remember. How could he fail to do so, seeing that Lord Clowes must be inevitably connected in his mind with the story of his imposture? And yet, since the desire to confess, and to confess to this very man, had been so powerful, and the sight of him, the sound of his voice, his constant allusion to their kinship, had not brought back to Sir John the memory of that act of reparation that he had so longed to accomplish, did it not mean that his memory on that point was gone for ever, or at least for a long time? It seemed incredible, miraculous. Again Philip asked himself whether it was not a direct interposition of Fate on his behalf, the more so because the painful struggle on Sir John's part to remember seemed to have passed away. He appeared to be quite at peace with himself and with the world. No accusing voice appeared to whisper to him ever so vaguely that this was the man he had defrauded, and to whom he must restore. Could it be possible that he had forgotten the whole of his early history, that it had been wiped clean from his mind, that he had begun to live again since that night when he was taken ill, and had begun with the return of Jack Chesney from Australia, and that the boyhood and youth of the son of Edward Walter, the brilliant and unhappy clergyman who had renounced his faith, had vanished into oblivion, as things that had never been? If Philip Chesney had known how to pray, he would have besieged Heaven with supplications that it might be so.

Seeing that both the sick man and his son received the expression of his approval that he felt himself compelled to pronounce on each of the rare occasions when they met, in polite silence, Lord Clowes allowed himself to be drawn into other subjects of conversation, in which Sir John joined with all the ease of his pleasant gift of charming small-talk, and presently the peer, addressing himself to the younger man, said, with the air of imparting the most weighty piece of information—

"Perhaps you do not know that Verulam is coming back?"

"No, I did not," said Philip, without enthusiasm. Lord Clowes's eldest, and now only, son, who went by the courtesy title of Viscount Verulam, was as antagonistic to him as his father, but for a different reason. As so often happens, when the father is a man of narrow life, and of extremely straight, narrow, and unswerving rectitude, without possessing the gift of impressing his children with the desirability of following in his footsteps, the son was exactly the contrary. He was conceited, brainless, and self-indulgent, and even among men who could not be considered strict, or straight-laced, he was voted a "bad lot." He was in Philip's regiment, and had for the past two years been stationed in India.

As a soldier he had never had any chance of showing his mettle; he had only scraped through his examinations by the skin of his teeth, which may not mean much. But he was unpopular, both with officers and men, which means a very great deal. He had never done anything under existing laws that could justify his being expelled from the regiment; but there was not a man in the whole of the mess who did not wish he were out of it.

He had been wise enough never to quarrel with his father, on whom he fawned in his back. Lord Clowes believed him to be a pattern of all the virtues, and, as he was very

rich, and would one day be almost fabulously so, the world accepted him with open arms.

It was natural, however, that Philip Chesney should receive the news of his return without any pleasurable feelings.

"He is not asking for any leave, and is going straight to Torthampton," continued his lordship. "If I may say so, with undue pride, Philip, it will do you good to associate with him once more. Verulam, I am happy to say, is an example of whole-hearted devotion to duty."

"I am sure of it," said Philip drily, turning his head away to hide the curl of his lip that he could not repress at the thought of Verulam's insufferable hypocrisy.

And I am happy to be able to tell you in strictest confidence," pursued the proud father, "that, immediately on his arrival, Verulam's engagement to Clauda Waynefleet will be announced. They have exchanged letters, and are formally betrothed."

Philip gave an incredulous exclamation. "What, have they overcome her?"

"Her modest diffidence as to her fitness for such a position has given way to the pride that any right-minded woman would feel in having won Verulam for her husband," put in his lordship, pompously.

Philip was silent. The question that was on his lips, "Have they overcome her insuperable aversion to him at last?" was better left unasked. But his blood boiled at the thought that a girl so beautiful and proud and cultured as Lady Claudia should be sacrificed to a man unfit indeed to touch the hem of her snowy garment. He wondered what argument her worldly mother had used to overcome her well-known repugnance to the marriage; and supposed that it was the Juggernaut of Poverty, claiming another victim.

It seemed interminable ages before Lord Clowes rose to take his leave. Philip was torn between relief and amazement. His father's manner was so natural. It seemed impossible that anything should be weighing on his mind. It must be without doubt that by some mysterious and magnanimous trick of Fate he had forgotten that he had ever been anyone but John Chesney all his life, and that that painful search for some lost memory was to trouble him no more. He had taken no part in the conversation about Verulam and Lady Claudia Waynefleet, but now shook hands with his kinsman, and thanked him for his visit with all the warmth that courtesy dictated.

"Take care of yourself, John," said his lordship. "I should advise a thorough change of air and scene when you are strong enough. Why not join us at Homburg? And," he added, unable to resist the luxury of a parting shot, "I hope you will one day understand that you can never regain your health while you persist in all this fasting and—and—" He floundered about for a moment, trying to think of some other heinous practice prejudicial to bodily health, and then retreated on to safer ground—"and that it is impossible for us to propitiate Heaven by any physical action on our part, as you erroneously believe; but only by sincere contrition and humble repentance."

Sir John did not seem to have been listening to this harangue; but, as his lordship moved away from the couch towards the door, the old man called him back, with an excited tone in his feeble voice; and Philip saw in his eyes that old, vaguely troubled look that struck terror to his heart.

"Clowes—Clowes, before you go, there is something I want to say to you—something I want to do—"

His lordship turned back. Philip thought the beating of his heart must echo through the room.

"It is something very important, but I'm sorry—I'm afraid I can't think of it just now," Sir John continued.

He spoke dejectedly; that troubled light, less painful because less poignant, had come back into his eyes.

Philip stood rooted to the spot. His father spoke so rationally that he could almost have believed again that he was testing him, as he had thought before Lord Clowes arrived, when Sir John had asked him in just that quiet, plaintive voice if he could not help him to remember.

"Another time, John," said his lordship, waving his flabby, white hand in farewell.

"But it is very—very important," persisted the invalid. "I could not remember at all before; but now I know it had something to do with you, Clowes. Philip," he turned to his son, and it was evident, incredible though it seemed, that on this one point his memory was quite gone. "You know, Philip! You must know. What was it I wanted to do? I told you, did I not?"

"Philip," interrupted his lordship, somewhat impatiently, "if it is so important, and your father told you, you must remember what it is."

"Yes, tell him, Philip, tell him! It was—it was— Ah, tell him! At last, I shall remember—at last!" Sir John seemed to have gained new force; his eyes glittered, he looked from one to the other, evidently labouring under the most intense excitement.

"Philip, why are you suddenly struck dumb?" asked his lordship. It seemed to the young man that there was suspicion in his voice; it robbed him of the last remnants of his maddening indecision. He said the first thing that came into his head.

"Oh, I think my father wanted to show you the drawing of the altar he is presenting to the new cathedral!"

Lord Clowes flushed angrily, and gave vent to an impatient exclamation. Any mention of Sir John's religion was like a red rag to a bull.

Suddenly a beautiful, mellow voice sounded from the door.

"Hardly that, Captain Chesney! It would not interest Lord Clowes."

The two men started. It was Father Lyle who stood there. With a restless sigh, Sir John had fallen back among his pillows. Philip met the priest's eyes, and felt suddenly cold. They pierced him through and through. Lord Clowes looked at Philip, and nodding his head towards Sir John, tapped his forehead significantly.

"Well, when you remember what it is you want to say, John," he said aloud, "I shall be interested to hear it. Philip," he added, in a low tone of extreme disapproval, "you have evidently neither a very good memory nor a very clear head."

He marched out of the room, with another farewell wave of his hand. The priest bowed graciously; but the peer's stiff salute was accompanied by a glance such as he might have bestowed on a viper. It was strange, for the cross that gleamed on Father Lyle's breast was also the symbol of the other's faith.

## CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL JOSCELYN was being borne swiftly through the Mall in a hansom cab. He had just been assisted out of the gorgeous full-dress uniform of his Hussar regiment, in which he had attended a levée, and now, dressed in conventional calling attire, he drove again past the scene of the morning's brilliant function, and out of Buckingham Gate into that region in which are constantly springing up vast, mountainous blocks of buildings, let out in flats at high rentals, and fitted, as far as space permits, with all the luxurious requirements of modern life.

The cabman seemed to hesitate at the entrance to the court of one of these imposing blocks, then he drove on, opening the trap and asking for fuller directions.

The Colonel repeated the address, and then took from his pocket-book a letter written on plain, bluish-grey paper, with a small black monogram in one corner, and hastily glanced through it.

"Dear Colonel Joscelyn," it said, "would it be trespassing too much on your valuable time to ask you to call on me to-morrow about noon? I mention this unusual hour as I am going to Paris in the afternoon. I pray you will forgive the liberty I take in writing to you. As the affianced wife of the late Mr. Detmold, you will, I hope, exonerate me from any idle motive in wishing to make your acquaintance."

"Again apologising for thus taxing your courtesy, I am, yours sincerely,

"HELEN LORISON."

The Colonel had received this letter the night before. He recognised the name of the woman whom Lewis Detmold had been going to marry, and whom he had never met, as she lived in Paris, and was only to have come to England a fortnight before the wedding, which had been fixed for the middle of July.

The Colonel knew one or two women who had met her in France, and he remembered to have gleaned from their casual remarks that Mrs. Lorison was no longer young, more French than English, and extremely attractive. He also knew one woman who had seen her with Detmold at Longchamps one Sunday, and said she was handsome, but odd-looking, and that it was a strange thing that nobody seemed to know anything about her. At that time, about six months ago, there had been a great deal of talk about the match, because Lewis Detmold, by reason of enormous wealth, was quite an important figure in that society, which is neither select nor witty, nor in any way representative, but calls itself the world. From these various verdicts the Colonel had assumed that Detmold's fiancée was a woman whose antecedents would not bear a too rigorous inspection. He would not have been astonished if Detmold had taken a wife from the gutter, or from the street. He knew him as a man of brutal nature, with a strange, saturnine delight in power for its own sake, and a profound contempt for the great folk whose friendship and flatteries he owed to the fortune he had wrested from the diamond mines of the Cape. He had once, at great risk to his own life, saved the Colonel from being crushed to death by the falling mass of steel and sailcloth on his sailing yacht, unmasted in a sudden squall; and from that time he had dated the extraordinary one-sided friendship which the Colonel resented but, in common gratitude, could not openly refuse.

The dead millionaire had, however, never spoken to him, except in the most general terms, of his future wife; and it was to try to glean some idea of the woman from the handwriting that he hastily perused the letter again, as he neared his destination. But it was a small, neat writing that told nothing, except of a certain culture; and it puzzled the man, for the more he looked at it, the more dimly familiar it seemed, and, although he searched the past, he could not remember where he had seen it before.

The cab drove into a courtyard in which a fountain played in the middle of a small grass plot. On three sides rose high buildings of red brick, adorned with stone colonnades and balconies and ornamentations in glazed tiles and terra cotta. The Colonel found the entrance he wanted, and was shot up to the fifth floor in a lift.

A small, alert-looking Frenchwoman of middle age, opened the door to him, and ushered him through a dismantled hall into a large, light room with a bow window. It was also completely devoid of furniture, with the exception of two wicker chairs placed near the open window on the uncarpeted floor. The ceiling was covered with sheets, and portions of the faded pink paper had already been stripped from the walls.

To be Continued To-morrow.

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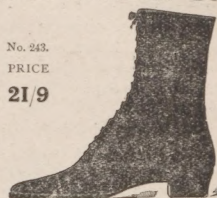
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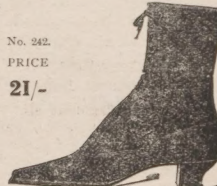
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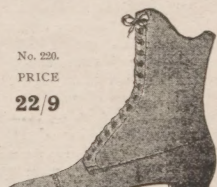
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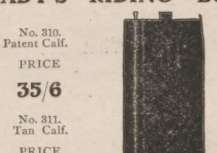
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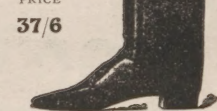
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## DRESS AT THE THEATRE.

A CRITICISM BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

MAKE a serious contribution to the serious theatrical controversy which is now engaging the attention of—I might almost say—all students of British drama; and I find my effort discussed in a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror* in a vein of the airiest persiflage.

Let me entreat you to approach this great subject in a more earnest spirit. Do not let us jest when we are discussing such a subject as "Dress in the Dress Circle."

## The Turn of a Tie.

As psychologists (and we are all psychologists, I trust?) we must be aware of the immense import which often, or always, attaches to apparently trifling symbols; the whole future of the stage may depend on the turn of a tie, or lie involved in the chiffons of a matinée hat.

For all we know, a faulty decision as to studs might land us in pure Ibsenism; and, on the other hand, a safe doctrine of blouses might well revive the great blank-verse drama, with rhyming couplets, prologues, and epilogues complete. And sometimes when I think of waistcoats—but this is, perhaps, too deep a matter for merely ephemeral treatment.

Seriously, then, why do you so wildly caricature the morning habit of the Englishman? What is this that you say of an "irruption of tweed suits"?

## Chess-board Checks.

Is the harmless City man in the habit of transacting business in loud checks? Where will you find, save on the stage of France, the English traveller with a coat like a chess-board? Let me recall to your memory the existence of the morning-coat, that seemly and sufficient habit; let me whisper in your ear of dark blue serges. You would appear to assume that, unless attired in the conventional evening dress, the modern Briton is clothed in something worse than woad; but in your more serious moments you must be aware that such is far from being the case.

I have, myself, worn a vestment known as the frock-coat—but I need not press the point. I merely say that I do not envy the feelings of the man or woman who can speak lightly of dark grey trousers, when really well cut.

To pass on to another division of the controversy: I must say that you seem to me merely to palter with the question of the matinée hat. I admit that the matter is thorny and perplexed, and I throw out such suggestions as occur to me with a mixture of hope and diffidence.

As a theatrical manager I am inclined to see a good deal of merit in the American method of disposing of the difficulty; the man of true fashion takes three seats—one for himself, one for the lady, and one for her hat.

## Hats in the Theatre.

I confess the plan strikes me as at once eminently gallant and eminently profitable. But if my fellow-subjects are content to be outdone in chivalry by plain Republicans, is there not the cloak-room, free of all charge? Still, the question is a difficult one, as I have admitted, and it is my boast that I bring to it an open (though always a serious) mind. Will not some of your lady readers give me the benefit of their considered wisdom upon this knotty problem of the hat in the theatre?

I am given to understand that one great objection to removing the hat before the performance lies in the uncertainty of readjusting it in the one exquisite and inevitable poise afterwards. Would this difficulty be removed if a small mirror were attached by a chain to the back of every seat? And, again, what is to be done with the hat during the performance?

Any suggestions with a view to providing a safe and suitable receptacle in the seats would receive my most earnest consideration. I may mention, by the way, that I am at present elaborating a scheme by which the thousandth lady who enters, and on entering removes her hat, at a given matinée receives the most costly hat that money and Bond-street can provide; but, pending the preparation of the necessary statistics, I will say no more on this point.

I will not labour any reply to the attack on the "bleak air" of Edinburgh, since the most exquisite capital in Europe needs no defence. But I am glad to note your reference to the suburbs, since in a few weeks I shall visit Stratford and Stoke Newington.

## A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

## "WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

In the twilight of November's  
Afternoons I like to sit,  
Finding fancies in the embers  
Long before my lamp is lit;  
Calling memory up, and linking  
Bygone days to distant scene;  
Then, with feet on fender, thinking  
Of the things that might have been.

Cradles, wedding-rings and hatch-  
ments

Glow alternate in the fire;  
Early loves, and late attachments  
Blaze a second—and expire.  
With a moderate persistence  
One may soon contrive to glean  
Matters for a mock existence  
From the things that might have been.

Handsome, amiable, and clever—  
With a fortune and a wife:—  
So I make my start whenever  
I would build the fancy life.  
After all the bright ideal,  
What a gulf there is between  
Things that are, alas! too real,  
And the things that might have been.

Often thus, alone and moody,  
Do I act my little play—  
Like a ghostly Punch and Judy,  
Where the dolls are grave and gay:—  
Till my lamplight comes and flashes  
On the phantoms I have seen,  
Leaving nothing but the ashes  
Of the things that might have been.

Henry S. Leigh.

## £100,000 FOR READERS OF THE "DAILY MIRROR."

## A GREAT CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The cost of the establishment of the new London morning journal is estimated at between £250,000 and £300,000. In order to attain the success desired by those responsible for the *Daily Mirror*, it has been decided to expend a large proportion of the capital involved in entirely novel methods, by which the readers and private advertisers will co-operate in founding the journal, and will receive in return large sums of money, which will be divided among them.

## CHAPTER I.

The first chapter of our scheme is a simple one. It will, we think, result in practical suggestions for the benefit of our Journal. Briefly, it is as follows:—

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present our first

## £1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - £500.  
For the Second Best - £100.  
Eighty other Suggestions - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—  
Suggestion Department, THE DAILY MIRROR,  
2, Carnarvon-street, LONDON, E.C.

## CHAPTER II.

## Prizes for Private Advertisers.

The private advertiser is the backbone of such a newspaper. It is said in the newspaper world that he is the last to come to a newspaper and the last to go. The obtaining of these advertisements, as a rule, requires years of patient and expensive canvassing and circularising. We propose to spend little on canvassing and circularising, but to invest a large sum of money in presents for distribution among the private advertisers themselves.

Every private advertiser calling at 15 and 16, New Bond-street, after twelve o'clock to-day will, until further notice, receive a valuable gift, but no present will be given until the advertisement has been proved to be bona-fide.

The price of the following advertisements is twelve words, or less, for 1s. 6d., each additional word 1d.

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**Rowntree's**  
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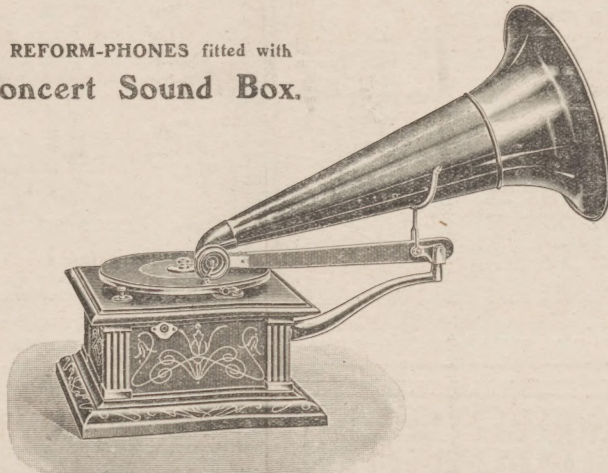






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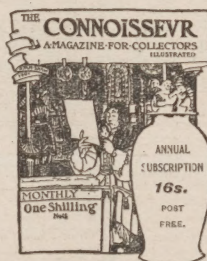
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